



POLICE UNDER FIRE

TIME

**BORIS
YELTSIN,**

the bad boy of
Soviet politics,
battles Gorbachev
in a crucial vote
this week

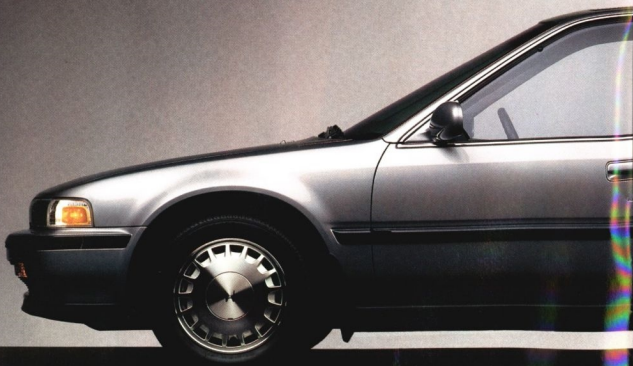
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Maverick**



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A sea of Muscovites surges through Manezh Square outside the Kremlin, shouting support for Yeltsin and demanding that Gorbachev resign



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

WORLD: The clash between Boris and Mikhail heats up over a Soviet referendum

Gorbachev has the power, Yeltsin the popularity; neither can overcome the other, and the country spins closer to a new cycle of repression.

► **Iraq's disunited rebels** fail to produce a credible successor to Saddam Hussein.

► **Baker finds** a new Middle East spirit, but the old rigidity on specifics.

26

NATION: Police brutality roils L.A.

Four cops are indicted as their chief battles resignation demands. ► A gang movie sparks widespread violence. ► Where are the Democrats? ► Returning troops may find normal life a letdown.

16**10 Critics' Voices****13 Grapevine****48 Business****52 Press****54 Sport****55 Health****56 Profile****61 Art****62 Cinema****62 Milestones****64 Education****70 Books****72 People****Cover:**

Photograph by
Alexandra Avakian—
Woodfin Camp
for TIME

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PHOTO: MARTHA SNOPE

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LETTERS

INTO KUWAIT!

"The easier an accomplishment appears to have been, the harder it was to achieve."

Anthony J. Serra
Whitehouse, N.J.



The swift victory of the allied forces over Iraq's Saddam Hussein is encouraging to mankind and proof that a variety of governments and armed forces can unite and work together to topple a tyrant [THE GULF WAR, March 4].

Graham Williams
Walton on Thames, England

Welcome to the cease-fire. The aftermath is upon us, and the costs are being calculated. As always, there has been immense suffering—humiliation, destruction, injury, death—a most uncivilized way to defend civilization. Now that the fighting is over, we should declare war on war and leave it where it belongs, in the Dark Ages. The U.N. has become the United Nations of America. The policeman has turned predator. Gasoline has turned to gold. And we are left weeping for humanity.

(The Rev.) Robert Dunlop
Brannockstown, Ireland

Julius Caesar (47 B.C.) said, "Veni, vidi, vici" ("I came, I saw, I conquered"). Saddam's motto is "Iran, Iraq, I ruin."

Denella Drennan
Virginia Beach

Deep in my heart, I cannot help feeling this was not a victory. It was a massive destruction of a country and its people that had nothing to do with the liberation of Kuwait. The U.S. went to war with a better class country. Surely, there was a better way to free the Kuwaitis.

Nina Saffadi
Spring Lake, N.J.

The easier an accomplishment appears to have been, the harder it was to achieve. My hat is off to General H. Norman Schwarzkopf and the U.S. military for a job well done.

Anthony J. Serra
Whitehouse, N.J.

The strategy Schwarzkopf employed that so thoroughly fooled the Iraqis should be immortalized in the annals of military history as the "Schwarzkopf Sneak."

Merrie Ann Nall
De Kalb, Ill.

If the American people had the stomach to support George Bush in his crusade to humiliate Saddam, they should also be able to look at the blood on their hands and know the extent of Iraqi casualties. The brutal destruction of Iraq and the cold-blooded slaughter of its pathetic, underfed army have demonstrated "Christian" America's concept of brotherly love.

Betty K. Burgin
Old Fort, N.C.

I am puzzled and amazed by the convoluted theory and moral standards of the so-called civilized Western nations that deem it important to save marine life from oil spills and at the same time find it totally acceptable to bomb cities, wound and kill civilians and obliterate the environment with innumerable tons of explosives.

Ali Hyderabad
Cairo

Sikhs the world over who are fighting for freedom congratulate Kuwait on its liberation. May God bless those who helped free Kuwait, and may they come forward to help Sikhs achieve salvation.

Akaldev Singh
Southall, England

Arab countries are being pressured to adopt Western-style democracy as soon as possible. But it is folly to assume that democracy is a must. The Arab nations should choose for themselves what they consider right.

Rafiq A. Tschannen
Bangkok

A Thank-You to Americans

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the American people how much we in the service have appreciated your support. I understand that many who write letters to "Any Service Member" may never receive a reply, but on behalf of the troops here, thank you all.

(SGT) Nicky Carter Jr.
Desert Storm, Saudi Arabia

Pursuing National Interests

Charles Krauthammer has it mostly right in his piece "Must America Slay All the Dragons?" [ESSAY, March 4], but he misses a key point. U.S. intervention must meet not two but three critical tests: it must 1) be right, 2) be in our interests and 3) have a good chance of success. The action in the Persian Gulf passed all three. Intervention in China or Afghanistan could not pass the third critical test of potential success. The war in Vietnam did not meet any of the requirements.

Will Power
Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Your Essay is alarmingly logical from the U.S. point of view. It is frightening because after the Kuwait victory, the U.S. will undoubtedly be the world's top political and military power for years to come and may easily regard dragon slaying as its particular responsibility. But the U.S. must not consider itself the appointed judge of what is right and just in this world. It is still the U.N. that should decide what to do and to whom. After a U.N. resolution is passed, each nation is free to decide whether it is in its own interests to participate actively. That is how it was done this time. Applause!

Jan Jacob van Eeghen
Schellinkhout, the Netherlands

Krauthammer is right: America cannot be expected to slay all the dragons in the world at once. America's claim to be the great moral dispatcher lacks credibility, however, when it continues to be so clumsy with such "dragons" as El Salvador, China and Syria. It is not required that we slay these dragons; we just need to stop feeding them.

Fred Clark
King of Prussia, Pa.

Big Oil's Earnings

I was relieved to see the objective reporting of the major oil companies' profit performance since the Middle East conflict began [BUSINESS, Feb. 25]. While the American press has made it standard practice to bash Big Oil when profits are strong, readers do not get comparable coverage when the industry is struggling. I work for a major oil company, and it is painfully amusing that we are compelled to apologize when the industry does well yet receive no understanding when times are

tough. Why would anyone treat business profits as a disease? Who pays people's salaries (and taxes) anyway?

Tom Mehl
Aurora, Colo.

Your story could be mistaken for an oil-industry press release. It uncritically accepts corporate explanations of recent windfall profits. In criticizing my legislation to tax excess oil profits, you said, "Sometimes it's hard to believe Metzenbaum was a businessman before becoming a Senator." It's because I was a businessman that I don't buy the oil industry's line. Business boomed when Iraq invaded Kuwait—for some firms, fourth-quarter profits went up 666%! The industry calls that "an aberration." I call it obscene profiteering and a consumer rip-off. No commodity affects the world economy as does oil. A sensible energy plan that reduces consumption and taxes excess profit would curb oil's power over our lives.

Howard M. Metzenbaum
U.S. Senator, Ohio
Washington

Plenty of Clerks

Your story about how Sears is losing out to Wal-Mart in retailing [BUSINESS, Feb. 25] reminded me of an experience at one of Sam Walton's Wal-Marts. I was impressed by the visible, helpful employees. When I remarked about the well-staffed check-out counters, my cashier said it was "Mr. Sam's dictate" that the customer is always right and that someone be at each check-out stand at all times. I have spent many frustrating moments in other stores, including Sears, looking for a clerk.

Louise Miller
Fortuna, Calif.

Mail Tale

Postmaster General Arthur Frank [INTERVIEW, March 4] seems to think on-time delivery will prove that we have an excellent Postal Service. But people judge services like the post office not so much by some abstraction like "performance" as by their personal contacts with the people who serve them. In California, post-office clerks made me feel that I had ruined their day by showing up with my package or registered letter. Here in Connecticut, the clerks seem genuinely glad to see me. They joke with their customers, and when I handed in my "vacation hold" card, they wished me a pleasant trip.

Alan R. Andreasen
Manchester, Conn.

Child-Care Costs

TIME's item on the 2.7 million parents who are no longer claiming child-care credit on their tax returns was naïve [BUSI-

NESS, Feb. 25]. Most of these weren't lying about having dependents for which they were paying child-care expenses. But the new law allows you to get tax credit for money paid to baby sitters only if you provide their social security numbers to the IRS. Child-care-credit claims have decreased because many baby sitters don't want to pay tax on their income. If they do so, they will probably ask parents for higher wages to make up the difference. A more effective solution would be to establish a special tax credit for both parents and child-care providers.

Carla Zimmerman
Cos Cob, Conn.

Isn't That Cousin Fred in the Photograph?

Curious family members have written asking the identity of military personnel shown in some of the photographs we have published in our coverage of the war. "That looks like my son on the left," wrote a Pennsylvania mother about a picture of some infantrymen. "I think that might be my cousin on your March 4 cover," commented a New Yorker. These readers want to know for sure if they have spotted a relative. We would like to help, but, unfortunately, most often we cannot. In the midst of military operations, pool photographers rarely had the time to ask the names of service members they were covering; therefore we generally cannot provide identification. However, for the seven families who thought it was their son, brother or cousin on our Feb. 25 cover, we are pleased to name the Marine shown cutting barbed wire. He is Corporal Mark Palacio from Los Angeles.



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CRITICS VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS/Compiled by Andrea Sachs



ART

JOHN RUSSELL POPE AND THE BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, National Gallery of Art, Washington. The repository of some of the nation's most cherished pieces of art is celebrating its 50th anniversary with an exhibit of 75 drawings and photographs that explore the creation of the West Building and the career of its architect. Through July 7.

THE DRAWINGS OF ANTHONY VAN DYCK, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City. For the 350th anniversary of the death of this Baroque master, the museum has amassed 90 drawings, ranging from Van Dyck's earliest sketches to studies for his glowing royal portraits. Through April 21.



MOVIES

JU DOU. The colors—bright, sensuous, all enveloping—tell the story of a young Chinese woman, her brutal husband and her timid lover. Fate en-

shrouds them, as it has Zhang Yimou's beautiful film: *Ju Dou* has never played publicly in China, and the authorities tried unsuccessfully to rescind its Oscar nomination as Best Foreign Film.

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS.

The lacerating suspense of Thomas Harris' novel is missing from this earnest adaptation, but if you haven't read the book about an FBI trainee tracking one serial killer with the help of another, you ought to see the movie. Main attraction: the intellectual tug-of-wills between Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins.



THEATER

THE BIG LOVE. When Errol Flynn died in 1959, he was traveling with starlet Beverly Aadland, who had been his mistress since she was 15. This chillingly believable Broadway play has as its sole character Beverly's mother Florence (unforgettably played by Tracey Ullman), a ferocious stage mama who would stop at nothing.

THE SPEED OF DARKNESS. Playwright Steve Tesich brings together two former Army bud-

dies and trash-haulage partners in this haunting Broadway production, one (Stephen Lang) now scruffy and homeless, the other (Len Cariou) now South Dakota's man of the year. Ironically, the dropout is at peace; the man who suppressed his dark secrets to fit in exists on the knife edge of anger.



TELEVISION

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE (PBS, March 20, 22). The anthology series opens its 10th season with a double dose of Broadway: *Into the Woods*, Stephen Sondheim's musical twist on Grimms' fairy tales, and *The Grapes of Wrath*, the Steppenwolf Theater's adaptation of Steinbeck's Depression novel.

THE MAHABHARATA (PBS, March 25, 26, 27, 9 p.m. on most stations). Another stage event, Peter Brook's marathon version of the Hindu sacred epic, comes to TV in three two-hour segments.

THE ACADEMY AWARDS (ABC, March 25, 9 p.m. EST). Hollywood's annual fête is still king of all the awards shows. And Kevin Costner is grooming himself for this year's crown.



MUSIC

GRAHAM PARKER: STRUCK BY LIGHTNING (RCA). Don't get in this man's way: "She's a living example," he sings, "of God's bad taste." And that's a love song; well, sort of. It's typical of the venom-tipped but still lyrical reflections stashed throughout the 15 tunes on this high-velocity workout by one of the orneriest but most beguiling rockers in the neighborhood.

STRAUSS: DER ROSENKAV-ALIER (London). In this historic 1954 performance of an endlessly ravishing opera, a master conductor (Erich Kleiber), superb singers (Maria Reining, Sena Jurinac and Hilde Gue-

den) and an outstanding orchestra (the Vienna Philharmonic) blend color, vitality and balance with intelligence and resonant beauty.

BOB WILBER/KENNY DAVERN: SUMMIT REUNION (Chiaroscuro). Rarely has a musical marriage been so harmonious. Wilber and Davern first teamed up back in the '70s in a highly touted jazz sextet called Soprano Summit. That group is no more, alas, but this studio rematch, featuring Wilber on soprano sax and Davern on clarinet, scales a new peak.



ETCETERA

AN IMPERIAL FASCINATION: PORCELAIN. More than 500 pieces of Imperial porcelain are on display—the largest number ever shown outside the Soviet Union. At New York City's A La Vieille Russie, through April 20.

BLUE PLANET. Astronaut's-eye views of earth, filmed during five space-shuttle missions. From the wind-sculpted dunes of the Namib Desert to smogbound Los Angeles, the images underscore the urgency of saving the environment. Showing at more than two dozen science museums in the U.S. and Canada through the summer.



BOOKS

THE PROMISED LAND by Nicholas Lemann (Knopf; \$24.95). The second great migration that shaped the U.S.: the movement of millions of blacks from the rural South to the cities of the North.

NEW OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE edited by Bruce Metzger and Roland Murphy (Oxford; \$37.95). Last year's gender-blended New Revised Standard Version with notes and articles making judicious use of higher criticism.

MOZART MAVEN

One of the great pleasures of this year's Mozart bicentennial will be Mitsuko Uchida's performances of the composer's 18 piano sonatas in a series of five recitals at New York City's Alice Tully Hall between now and April 21. She will also perform some of the sonatas in other cities, including Philadelphia, Toronto, Washington and Pittsburgh. Uchida, 42, plays her specialty with a remarkable combination of energy and tenderness, a considerable rhythmic freedom and a lovely tone. This Spring Philips Classics is rereleasing her recordings of these sonatas, along with a splendid new recording of Mozart's piano concerti Nos. 15 and 16, accompanied by the English Chamber Orchestra and conducted by Jeffrey Tate. Born in Japan, trained in Vienna and now residing in London, Uchida has a repertoire that ranges from Chopin to Ravel, not to mention Bartók and Carter, but she calls Mozart's work a "kind of world in itself... so complete that you can forget about the rest. Then you come out, and you are blinded."

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GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/Reported by Sidney Urquhart



Schwarzkopf vs. The Spooks

In the final days of the gulf war, General Norman Schwarzkopf had to fend off sniper fire from an unexpected front: defense intelligence analysts based in Washington. Both the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency thought Schwarzkopf's bomb-damage assessments in the final stage of the air campaign were inflated as much as 50%. Though Schwarzkopf based his information on firsthand pilot reports as well as satellite photos, the Beltway desk jockeys were convinced that Iraqi tanks, armored personnel carriers and artillery were in far better shape than field commanders claimed and could inflict great damage in ground combat. Bush Administration officials were so irritated by the continuing bureaucratic controversy that they reprimanded CIA chief William Webster at a White House session for letting his people publicly undermine Schwarzkopf's figures.

To the Victors Belong Few Spoils

U.S., British and French military men couldn't wait to paw over some of the Soviet-supplied Iraqi tanks littering the Kuwaiti desert. They expected the abandoned armor to be a boon for battlefield training and analysis. But many tanks were reduced to smoldering hulks by guided missiles. Others, taken out by A-10 attack planes, at first appear to be in good condition, until survey crews discover a small hole in their exteriors. That hole indicates that shrapnel produced by armor-piercing shells has de-

stroyed everything inside. Although the allies captured thousands of Iraqi tanks, the Americans have found just five reasonably intact specimens of the T-72, the top Soviet model.

Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

Japanese politicians are addicted to consensus, so it's no surprise that by the time the nation's legislators approved a \$9 billion contribution to the gulf effort, the war was over and troops were on their way home. Last week allied commanders took silent note of the tardy assistance when Liberal Democratic Party secretary Ichiro Ozawa was abruptly forced to cancel a trip to the Middle East. Ozawa, touted as a future Japanese Prime Minister, found it difficult to secure appointments with top officials in Saudi Arabia. He also found that military commanders were suddenly too busy to find him a place on a flight into Kuwait. The silent treatment let Tokyo know the allies are in no mood to accommodate Japanese politicians with a yen to horn in on postwar celebrations.

On the Outside, Looking In

Former Cabinet aides report Margaret Thatcher is suffering from depression brought on by withdrawal from power. While the ousted British Prime Minister seemed her old intrepid self on a visit to Washington two weeks ago, a number of close friends say she has decided to give up her seat in Parliament after holding it for 31 years. In the weeks after she lost the premiership, Thatcher took comfort in the fact that protégé John Major succeeded her, and she hoped to exercise wide influence over post-gulf war policy. Major has largely backed away from Thatcherism, however, and has done nothing more than pay tribute to Thatcher's "resoluteness and staunchness" in com-



mitting Britain to the anti-Sad-dam coalition. Heeding the obvious signal that Major does not need her counsel, Thatcher will almost certainly leave politics. "It's all over. It must be terrible to go out that way," notes a sympathetic former associate.

That's What Friends Are For

Alabama Democratic Senator Howell Heflin was in no danger of losing his seat in last November's midterm elections, but that didn't stop him from recruiting colleagues to help his campaign. One of those who answered the call was Ohio Democrat John Glenn. The former World War II hero and pioneer as-

tronaut filmed a spot extolling Heflin's support for the space program, which brings millions of tax dollars to Alabama. In spite of the seemingly innocent nature of the plug, the commercial never aired. Reason: Heflin's first order of business upon his return to Washington was chairing the Senate Ethics Committee investigation of the infamous Keating Five, which included the same John Glenn. A Heflin spokesman says the ad "just didn't fit in" with campaign plans, but wiser heads had advised the Alabamian's office about the impropriety of using Glenn—who eventually received a mere slap on the wrist—as a character witness.

BENETTON ADS: A Risqué Business

The ubiquitous Italian retailer has a reputation for cutting-edge advertising. Its shock-tactic themes, says president Luciano Benetton, "depend on the social issues of the moment." But most Americans never see some of Benetton's more provocative material:



More than hot air. Is the company playing safe by displaying pastel-colored balloons? A closer look reveals that they're inflated condoms. Benetton's new print campaign is part of a safe-sex blitz, and some outlets plan to give away these designer condoms — no purchase necessary.



Sour milk. Two years ago, billboards and magazines in Europe displayed this head-turning photograph. Although the image was part of a long-running campaign stressing harmony among the races, the ad was deemed too provocative for use in the U.S. and Britain.

Mysterious message. In the midst of the gulf conflict, this February ad, with its lone Star of David in a cemetery full of white crosses, seemed to suggest that the coalition was acting as a military surrogate for Israel. Many European periodicals refused to run it. Now Benetton can no longer publish the promotion in Italy because a Milan jury deemed it offensive to religion.



Shackle hackles. This arresting ad was also intended to promote Benetton's "united colors" theme. But it was withdrawn in the U.S. after minority groups complained that the ad implied the black man was a criminal and charged the company with racism.



FROM THE PUBLISHER

Christopher Morris and Anthony Suau knew they were in trouble when the Republican Guards stopped them at a shattered bridge on the outskirts of Basra. The two photographers, who were working for TIME, were headed for the Iraqi city to cover the fighting between government troops and insurgents in the wake of the Gulf War. But the guardsmen seized Morris and Suau and more than 25 other journalists on March 3, a Sunday, and ransacked their cars. "It was as if we had walked into a den of 40 thieves," said Suau, 34. "Everything disappeared very quickly."

For the next six days, the group's captors shuttled the journalists from one site to another while deciding what to do with them, and the world wondered where they were. The first stop was Basra University, which was surrounded by tanks and artillery and swarming with Iraqi troops. Soldiers herded all the hostages into a small room furnished with two beds and half a dozen broken television sets. The weary journalists spent the night without food, water or much sleep, as rifle fire barked outside their windows and artillery rockets screamed overhead.



Morris and Suau: unwilling guests of the Republican Guards

"It was as if we had walked into a den of 40 thieves."

Fearing that the location was too dangerous, the Iraqis moved the hostages to a red brick barracks outside Basra, where they were confined to a bare, partly underground room. "I didn't think they would kill us," said Morris, 32. "But I worried that they would hold us for two weeks or a month. My big concern was food and sanitary conditions." Their daily diet was a piece of chicken and a slice of stale bread. That was more than their guards got. "They said we were guests," Morris added. "They didn't like the word prisoners."

By Thursday the Iraqis were ready to hand over the hostages to the Red Cross in Baghdad. But fierce civil warfare made all roads to the capital unsafe. So helicopters flew the group from Basra to Baghdad, dodging flares and tracer fire along the three-hour flight. In Baghdad, the Red Cross treated the famished journalists to what Suau called "our first really good meal in six days" before busing them to Jordan, where they were released. "The ironic thing," Morris recalls, "is that we went from Dhahran to Kuwait City to Basra to Baghdad to Amman, and not one roll of film to show for it." We regret that too, but we've settled happily for having the pair safely out of Iraq.

Robert L. Miller

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UST229



Graphic evidence: Attorney Steven Lerman displays a photo of his battered client at a press conference

TINA GERSON—GAMMA LIAISON

Nation

TIME/MARCH 25, 1991

Police Brutality!

Four Los Angeles officers are arrested for a vicious beating, and the country plunges into a debate on the rise of complaints against cops

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

The incident was over in a matter of minutes. But two weeks after the beating of a black motorist by Los Angeles policemen was videotaped by an eyewitness, it had led to arrests, probes by local, county and federal organizations and a Justice Department review of law-enforcement violence across the nation.

It began with wailing police cars chasing a motorist through the night, cornering his car in a Los Angeles suburb and surrounding the driver as he stepped into the street. A sergeant fired a 50,000-volt Taser stun gun at the unarmed black man, then three officers took turns kicking him and smashing him in the head, neck, kidneys and legs with their truncheons. A hovering helicop-

ter bathed the scene in a floodlight as 11 other policemen looked on. When the beating was over, Rodney King, 25, an unemployed construction worker, had suffered 11 fractures in his skull, a crushed cheekbone, a broken ankle, internal injuries, a burn on his chest and some brain damage.

The matter might have ended there had not a bystander captured two minutes of the March 3 incident with his video camera. Within hours, the horrific scene was being replayed on national television. Within days, outraged protesters were demanding the resignation of Los Angeles police chief Daryl Gates. By the end of last week, four officers had been arrested for assault and 11 others were under investigation by the FBI, the L.A.P.D.'s internal affairs division and the Los Angeles County

district attorney's office. Said D.A. Ira Reiner: "It is a terrible moment, and time for serious reflection, when officers who have sworn to uphold the law are indicted for the most serious felonies."

The scandal reverberated far beyond Los Angeles, stirring a nationwide debate over excessive police violence and finally prompting Washington to take action. Last week U.S. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh announced that the Justice Department would review all complaints of police brutality received by the Federal Government over the past six years—some 15,000 cases. Though it was unclear what steps Washington might take, Assistant Attorney General John Dunne said the immediate goal was "to determine whether there is a pattern of abuse to a high degree in any



Public anger: demanding the chief's resignation, protesters march outside L.A.P.D. headquarters

MICHAEL JUSTICE - PICTURE GROUP

particular region or police department."

Critics of Los Angeles' Chief Gates charged that such a pattern does exist on his 8,300-member force. The day Thornburgh announced his investigation, 1,000 angry Angelenos at a police-commission hearing denounced Gates as the embodiment of a brutal, racist police department and demanded that he step down. Some in the crowd chanted, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Daryl Gates has got to go!"

Gates, 64, a rawboned, crew-cut career officer with a reputation as a law-and-order hard-liner, sat stonily through the 3½-hour meeting. Though he had earlier declared himself sickened by the King beating, he said he was "very proud" of his 13-year tenure as L.A.P.D. chief and refused to resign. Said Gates: "I didn't invent 42 years of my life to go down the tubes over an incident that I had nothing to do with."

Race was a persistent subtext of the controversy. "We don't know how much racism was involved," says Jerome H. Skolnick, a law professor at the University of California, Berkeley, "but I believe that racist police are more likely to be brutal and brutal police are more likely to be racist." When black people see a police car in Los Angeles, says state assemblyman Curtis Tucker, "they don't know whether justice will be meted out or whether judge, jury and executioner is pulling up."

Though nonwhites account for 60% of Los Angeles' polyglot population, white officers make up 61% of the L.A.P.D. Simi-

lar imbalances exist in many heavily ethnic communities around the U.S. and, says sociologist James Marquart of Sam Houston State University, this pattern can encourage police violence. "White police officers don't understand a lot of things that go on in these areas," says Marquart. "One way to deal with that is to use force. It goes across all cultural boundaries."

Last week's federal action was prompted largely by the concerns of national civil

rights leaders. Attorney General Thornburgh's decision to review claims of police brutality came after a meeting with Democratic Congressmen John Conyers Jr. of Michigan and Edolphus Towns of New York, members of the Congressional Black Caucus. Said Benjamin Hooks, head of the N.A.A.C.P.: "Police brutality is one of the recurring, persistent questions that has never died down because it exists all over the nation."

Statistics do indicate a rise in police-brutality cases in many urban areas. In the Metro Miami area, 111 excessive-force complaints were filed last year, up from 67 in 1985. During the same years, the number of Washington's complaints jumped from 299 to 415, while Chicago's went from 2,084 to 2,476. Yet experts seem divided over whether instances of police brutality are actually rising nationwide or whether the number of complaints has increased because of greater public awareness.

Neil Redlener, professor of psychiatry at Tufts University School of Medicine, argues that police are more prone to use force these days because they are facing a more lethal environment. "There is better firepower and increased violence in the streets," he says. "A police uniform these days is as much a target as protection."

But Robert Trojanowicz, director of Michigan State University's School of Criminal Justice, points out that departments increasingly emphasize better screening of candidates to lower the inci-

From what you have read or seen, do you think the Los Angeles police clubbing of a black man was racially motivated?

YES 43%

NO 20%

Should criminal charges be brought against these officers, or should this matter be left to the police for disciplinary procedures?

Criminal charges 67%

Police discipline 17%

How often do you think incidents occur in your community where police use violence against private citizens?

Very often

9%

Fairly often

13%

On occasion

48%

Never

23%

From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on March 13 by TeleResearch/Conny Shuman. Sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%. Not valid: omitted.

dence of police violence. "Generally, police officers as a group use remarkable restraint in highly charged, emotional situations," says Trojanowicz, who believes most lawmen are deeply embarrassed by the Los Angeles beating.

There was ample cause for embarrassment in the March 3 incident. The police claim to have clocked King's 1988 Hyundai going 115 m.p.h. on the Foothill Freeway, although the audio transcript of their initial radio reports does not mention excessive speed. The manufacturer later stated that the car could not exceed 100 m.p.h. The police said they subdued King because he reached into his pocket as he emerged from the car, a movement they felt was menacing. Yet the videotape shows the man lying helpless on the ground as the officers repeatedly beat and kicked him. One eyewitness said that she heard King begging the policemen to stop and that they "were all laughing, like they just had a party." When King was released from jail three days later, he told reporters he was "lucky they didn't kill me." Though he was still on parole after serving a year for second-degree robbery, the D.A. declined to press any charges against him.

Instead his tormentors were facing charges. Last week a grand jury indicted Sergeant Stacey Koon, 40, and Officers Laurence M. Powell, 28, Timothy E. Wind,

Do you think L.A. police chief Daryl Gates should be held responsible for the conduct of his officers?

YES 50%

NO 34%

Do you think police chief Gates should resign over this incident?

YES 15%

NO 63%



Under fire: Gates intends to hold on

30, and Theodore J. Briseno, 38, on charges of assault with a deadly weapon and excessive use of force "under the color of authority." They face possible prison sentences of four to seven years. When the grand jury goes back into session this week, it will continue to investigate the 11 other officers present during the beating. King's attorneys say he is preparing to file suit against the city of Los Angeles, which paid out \$10 million in judgments against it in police-brutality cases last year.

Gates, who earlier singled out three of the officers for departmental discipline, said they had "brought shame and dishonor upon the police profession." Yet he dismissed the beating as an "aberration." In fact, the roots of the incident have much to do with both the history of the L.A.P.D. and the stewardship of Daryl Gates.

Over the years, television programs such as *Dragnet* and *Adam 12* have portrayed the Los Angeles force as a model of cool, dedicated efficiency. But with 8,300 officers serving an increasingly multiracial population of 3.4 million, the L.A.P.D. has the lowest officer-to-resident ratio of the nation's six largest police departments. To compensate, the L.A.P.D. pioneered the use of SWAT teams, helicopter pursuit and a motorized battering ram, tactics that differ markedly from the community-patrol approach many other cities have adopted.

America's Ugliest Home Videos

The tape of Los Angeles lawmen brutalizing Rodney King is not the first to show police taking part in America's ugliest home videos. Across the country, by accident and sometimes by design, cameras have caught law-enforcement officers in a variety of alarming activities, often directed against people in detention. The results have led to felony charges, disciplinary actions and civil lawsuits.

Laguna Beach, Calif. A neighbor across the street from an unruly party on June 17, 1990, recorded a harrowing 90 seconds of violence. Although a car partly blocked the view, an officer can be seen on camera swinging his leg in a kick at Kevin Dunbar, 24, a homeless man, while a number of other officers held him after he refused to obey an order to get down on the ground. The man, his face bleeding, was then lifted to his feet and led away to a squad car. A lawsuit against the Laguna Beach police department was filed last month, and the tapes are expected to be important evidence.

Chicago. Max's Italian Beef Restaurant on the northwest side had a security camera in full view, but the two uniformed police rifling the cash register and prying open the safe last July were too busy to notice. The veteran officers allegedly lifted \$7,000. They were indicted and await trial.

Los Angeles. On Aug. 30, 1989, a seven-man narcotics squad from the county sheriff's department was investigating a money-laundering scheme. When the suspects left behind \$498,000 in cash, the plainclothesmen skimmed \$48,000 in booty. The "money launderers" turned out to be FBI agents,



Shocker: officers beat and kick Rodney King

and their hidden cameras were rolling. Charges of conspiracy, theft and tax evasion were brought against the seven for that and other skimming operations. They received prison sentences last week of two to five years.

New York City. Police were trying to enforce an unpopular curfew on Manhattan's Tompkins Square Park, and hundreds of protesters had gathered on Aug. 6, 1988. Without warning, a wave of cops tore into the crowd and began clubbing and kicking demonstrators and bystanders alike. A video artist taped scenes that became key evidence in a trial of five officers. Though none were convicted, the top cop at the park that evening retired, and the police commissioner publicly criticized the actions of New York's finest as leading to unnecessary confrontations.

Another factor is the L.A.P.D.'s unique autonomy. In 1937, responding to a police scandal, the city passed a charter that in effect gave the police chief life tenure. The chief cannot be dismissed by the mayor or the five-member police commission without "cause"—generally defined as misconduct or willful neglect of duty. This system, argues UCLA sociologist Jack Katz, has led to "a kind of organizational egocentrism." Mayor Tom Bradley, himself a former Los Angeles police officer, has had numerous run-ins with Gates and has requested on at least four occasions that the city charter be amended to allow a mayor to fire the police chief. Though Bradley stopped short of calling for Gates' resignation, he strongly denounced the attack on King. Said the mayor: "I have never seen this kind of intensity, anger and outrage that people have expressed, and I think rightly so."

Meanwhile, the man in the center of the hurricane seemed to be the coolest customer in town. A conservative Republican who exercises regularly and shuns alcohol, Gates lives in a downtown condominium with his second wife Sima. Supporters describe him as a disciplined and sensitive professional, fiercely protective of his men. His detractors call him an opportunistic cowboy who makes provocative statements to grab attention. He has, for example, called Hispanic officers "lazy," described a blond television newscaster as an "Aryan broad" and branded his own son—whom he disowned after the youth spent a year in jail for robbery—"a narcotics addict." In 1982 he was officially reprimanded when he suggested blacks are more susceptible to dying than "normal people" when subdued with a choke hold. That same year, he speculated that the Soviet Union was flooding Los Angeles with "spies" posing as Jewish émigrés.

The example of such leadership, say Gates' critics, ultimately trickles down to the cop on the beat and creates the conditions in which a beating like King's can take place. Sociologist Katz, who has studied the L.A.P.D., says its officers are taught "that there are two kinds of errors police can make on the street. One is not being aggressive when they should be, and the other is being aggressive when they shouldn't." The message the cops get, says Katz, is that they should err on the side of aggressiveness. And although Gates can't be held responsible for every officer's action, he does set the tone in the department. "If you look at the King videotape," says Katz, "there is a cultural sense that this [beating] is appropriate. It is not as though the police were personally, emotionally involved. It is really an ethos that makes this kind of behavior possible." —*Reported by Cathy Booth/Miami, Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles and Elaine Shannon/Washington*

When Life Imitates Art

A hot new gang movie sparks widespread violence

Across the country over the past two weeks, young moviegoers have rioted, fought and shot one another in or near theaters showing a film called *New Jack City*. The new Warner Bros. release, studded with street clashes and gang culture, recounts the rise and fall of a black cracklord. To some alarmed observers, the upheavals suggested that life was imitating art at a time when more and more urban youths are armed and prone to just the sort of violence that such films so graphically portray.

The immediate causes of the outbursts varied from place to place. In the Westwood district of Los Angeles two

troubling surrounding so-called black-exploitation movies, a tradition of gangster tales that goes back to *Shaft*. Civic leaders complain that such movies glamorize crime to an audience that can ill afford the extra temptation. "It plays on the minds of young blacks who are already in trouble," declared the Rev. James Dixon of the Northwest Community Baptist Church in Houston.

New Jack City director Mario Van Peebles, who also plays a detective in the movie, argued that his film has an edifying message: "You see what drugs do to the people and how the drug king is put down. It's a



L.A.P.D. squad cars converge on Westwood after riots by disappointed moviegoers

weeks ago, the trouble started when the Mann theater oversold tickets to the movie's premiere and turned away hundreds of frustrated patrons. About 800 youths went on a rampage, breaking windows and looting stores in the trendy neighborhood near the UCLA campus. It took 100 riot police 3½ hours to quell the disturbance. When it was over, nine people had been arrested and 21 shops damaged.

In Brooklyn, N.Y., a 19-year-old moviegoer was killed in an exchange of more than 100 shots, some from an automatic weapon, after he and another youth left a showing of *New Jack City* to finish an argument. In Las Vegas a brawl involving about 60 people, including members of the Crips and Bloods gangs, broke out at the 9:40 p.m. showing; another flared when the movie was repeated at 11:30; 18 people were arrested. Such eruptions have prompted theaters to post extra guards. At least 10 houses have pulled the movie.

The disturbances recall the 1970s con-

piece of edu-tainment." To fend off the charge that movies with black casts and largely black audiences are particularly likely to incite violence, he reminded reporters that films like Francis Coppola's *Godfather Part III* had sparked similar outbursts.

Some movie experts maintain that cinematic violence has reached such a pitch that spontaneous imitations are inevitable. Others say that disputes arise because young audiences have long had a habit of talking back to the characters and commenting on the movie as it runs. The difference today is that gangs come to the theaters armed and prepared to settle their altercations with shoot-outs. But for all the hand wringing over the latest outcropping of violence, Hollywood has little incentive to stop making gang movies: *New Jack City* was No. 2 at the box office last week, grossing an impressive \$7 million on just 900 screens.

—*By Priscilla Painton. Reported by Patrick E. Cole/Los Angeles*

Once More, Bench Battles

A Bush judicial nominee faces opposition over civil rights

Remember Robert Bork? Four years ago, liberal legislators beat back Ronald Reagan's nomination of the controversial conservative scholar to the U.S. Supreme Court. Now ideological forces are marshaling for another judicial confirmation battle. The focus is Federal District Judge Kenneth L. Ryskamp, 58, nominated by President Bush to fill a vacancy on the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals in Florida. The Miami jurist will face a rugged reception this week at Senate Judiciary Committee hearings, where opponents will try to block his confirmation on the ground that he is insensitive to civil rights.

The most visible issue is Ryskamp's longtime membership in the expensive Riviera Country Club in Coral Gables, which reputedly barred blacks and Jews until a bylaws change last summer prohibited religious and racial discrimination. Ryskamp's membership went unnoticed in 1986, when the Senate confirmed his judgeship for Florida's Southern District. Last week the devout Presbyterian elder resigned from the club, but foes were unappeased. "The federal appeals courts usually have the last word in civil rights cases," says Johnnie R. McMillian, president of the Miami-Dade N.A.A.C.P. "Elevation of Judge Ryskamp would reduce the President's promise of racial fairness to a cruel hoax." About 100 civil liberties, labor and Jewish organizations have written to the committee to echo that view.

The furor has as much to do with the nominee's prospective job as with his alleged insensitivity. The 12-member 11th Circuit, covering Florida, Georgia and Alabama, reversed Ryskamp's rulings on civil liberties issues eight times during his short judicial tenure. In Ryskamp's defense, Justice Department officials note that his civil rights record mirrors that of other federal judges. But that is largely a reflection of the fact that liberals are an "endangered species" on the federal bench, as Sheldon Goldman, a University of Massachusetts expert on the judiciary, puts it.

Bush has already won confirmation of 71 judicial appointments. Aided by a 1990 law that created 85 new seats on the federal bench, the President will be able to appoint about 200 jurists during his four-year term. That is expected to accelerate the shrinkage in the percentage of Democrats on the federal bench to about 25%. The Republican majority may include Ryskamp. Despite the opposition, many Senate insiders expect his nomination to pass muster this time around. ■

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Ford's Forgotten Legacy

If the gulf war spectacular had been a movie, the credits could have listed Jimmy Carter as a progenitor of the Tomahawk cruise missile and Ronald Reagan as merchant prince of the huge weapons inventory that crushed the evil foe. But the fellow who may actually have had more to do with authoring the success story is never mentioned: Jerry Ford.

Jerry Ford? Correct. As might be expected, given his postpresidential flight paths, the former Commander in Chief hauled his golf clubs to the salubrious environs of Rancho Mirage, Calif., during the crisis. But Ford, like other Americans, lingered in front of the TV screen as the war unfolded. He was also watching his boys perform back in Washington. "They did a terrific job," boasted Ford.

Of the eight men in George Bush's war council, four were brought in directly or shoved along in their journey by Ford. Two others arrived at the fringes of power during Ford's brief tenure, and their talents were allowed full play in the meritocracy that Ford helped nurture.

"I think I had a knack of picking good people," said Ford last week. To start at the apex of what some are calling a "presidential culture": Ford first spotted George Bush in 1966. Ford, then House minority leader, recalls that Bush was a "bright star" running for Congress in Texas. He hurried down to campaign for him, then helped put Bush on the powerful Ways and Means Committee. As President, Ford made Bush U.S. representative to China and later named him to head the CIA.

When he was Vice President, Ford had got to know Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft, deputy head of the National Security Council. In those days Henry Kissinger was not only Secretary of State but also National Security Adviser. Ford did not like the double duty for Kissinger. He did like Scowcroft. As President, Ford in 1975 gave Scowcroft the NSC title and turned the self-effacing general into a recognized player in vital deliberations. And when Bush moved into the Oval Office, he put Scowcroft back in



Cheney and his ex-boss in 1976

the job Ford had given him 13 years earlier.

When Ford shuffled his Cabinet, he named a promising but largely unknown 34-year-old as the new White House chief of staff: Dick Cheney. After Ford lost the 1976 election, Cheney decided to run for Congress in his home state of Wyoming. Ford's political instincts stirred again. "I went right out to campaign for him," he says. Cheney won and became a respected and powerful Congressman—until Bush made him Secretary of Defense.

Ford's White House antennas had picked up good signals in 1976 about the Commerce Department's No. 2 man, James Baker. Ford tapped him to hunt delegates at the 1976 Republican Convention, then elevated him to national prominence as his campaign manager. Despite the Republican loss that year, Baker continued to rise, serving first in Reagan's Cabinet and then as Secretary of State for his friend Bush.

Colin Powell, current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Bob Gates, now Scowcroft's deputy, were not directly touched by Ford, but his special brotherhood took them in as they moved through the Reagan years. Of the six men named above, one is President, and three others—Baker, Cheney and Powell—are possible successors to Bush. If that does not quite constitute a presidential culture, it stands as an impressive legacy from a man we sometimes forget, Jerry Ford. ■



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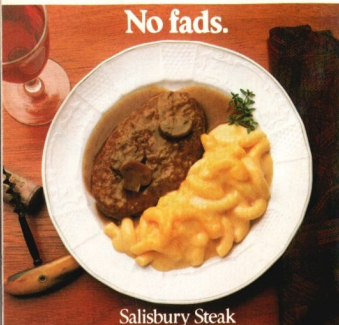
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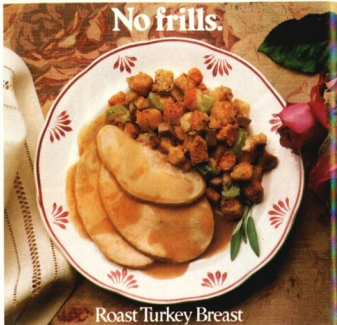
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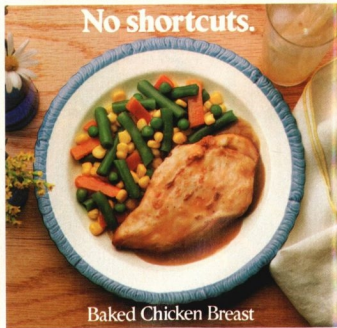
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Children are sometimes cautious or apprehensive about greeting the homecoming parent

After the Euphoria, a Letdown

For troops returning from the gulf—and for their loved ones—battles loom in resuming normal family life

By JILL SMOLOWE

For the moment, there is giddy elation, as returning Desert Storm troops touch down on American soil to a triumphal welcome of balloons and bands, spouses and children. "As far as I'm concerned, he is a hero," says Bonnie Cutts, 22, of her husband David, also 22, a naval engine mechanic who is expected to return to Charleston, S.C., in the next few weeks. "He'll be a hero for the rest of his life."

But when the hoopla subsides, many families will be left to cope with a host of problems that may catch them by surprise. "Reunion is much more stressful than departure," cautions Meg Falk, deputy director of the Navy's family-support program. Typically, the returning troops will career from euphoria to a baffled recognition that time has not stood still in their absence: children have grown, spouses have become more independent. It's difficult to adjust. "We encourage them to be an honored guest in the home for a while rather than come charging in to take over," says Marine Chaplain J.S. Kirstein, who oversees a homecoming-counseling program at the Marine Corps Air Station in Cherry Point, N.C.

Moreover, old, prewar problems have not disappeared. "When the glow wears off, there will be exaggerations of previous difficulties," warns Dr. Paul Fink, medical director of the Philadelphia Psychiatric Center. "If the marriage was not too good

before, the return could precipitate the disruption of the marriage." And even a solid marriage may need to be handled with care. "Re-establishing sexual intimacy can be like going through courtship again," says Falk.

Many troops will experience postwar blues. They will feel a need to repeatedly tell their war stories, describing the hardships they endured. Some will be tempted to go on spending—and drinking—binges. Military and civilian family experts caution that returning warriors may feel dissatisfied with home life. Many will be inattentive to or dismissive of family problems. "People who have been on the battlefield have very nearly faced death," says Falk. "Things that may be important to the family may seem trivial to them."

Many of those who were involved in ground combat or aerial raids will reel from the shock of having killed people. Such a reaction typically takes about six months to set in. But, advises John Stein, deputy director of the Washington-based National Organization for Victim Assistance, "for some, the dichotomy between horrific memories and the sense of triumph will strike them as being psychologically intolerable right from the get-go."

Trauma experts anticipate relatively few cases of post-traumatic stress disorder, a condition that afflicted many Vietnam veterans. "This war was quick, efficient, brilliant, and every soldier can take credit for

that," says Fink. "I believe that will diminish the number of psychiatric casualties." Still, families should be on the lookout for such symptoms as depression, difficulty in concentrating and distressing dreams.

Spouses also face adjustments. During the war, husbands and wives assumed new housekeeping and child-rearing responsibilities, from monitoring the checkbook to tucking the children in at night. They will expect appreciation and may be reluctant to relinquish their new power. Says Kathleen Wehl, 27, whose husband Gary will soon return to Georgia's Fort Stewart: "The guys are going to see that wives can get along without them, and it's going to be a rude awakening for some of them." Wehl, who endured a 14-month separation in the late '80s when Gary was sent to South Korea, also knows the pitfalls of overidealizing the absent loved one: "He may have sounded like Cary Grant in his letters," she says, "but back home he can still be a slob." Charles Figley, a family therapist in Tallahassee, warns that spouses may compete for sympathy, a phenomenon he calls I-had-it-worse-itis.

The greatest tensions may surround the children. While the troops were away, babies learned to walk, teenagers got their driver's licenses, and children may have developed habits that are distressing to the returning parent. The Navy, which flies teams of mental-health workers to ships coming back from the gulf, counsels patience and tolerance. "We tell them that if their teenager shows up on the dock with long hair and a ring in one ear, that isn't the time to say, 'Hey, what happened to you,'" notes Falk. Many children will have formed deeper bonds with the parent who remained at home and become accustomed, for instance, to the way Dad reads the bedtime story. Sleeping arrangements may have changed: Lana Gorley's two daughters, 10 and 13, got in the habit of sharing their mom's bed while their father, Second Lieut. Craig Gorley, was away.

Not all youngsters will rush to greet the returning parent with open arms. Children under age five often hold back or cry. Teenagers are "unpredictable as ever," says Fink. Experts advise that children be warned in advance that Mom or Dad may act and even look a little different. Rereading letters from the front can also help them prepare for the reunion.

Over time, most families adjust. After putting her husband "on a pedestal," Laura Root of Sterling, Ill., is looking forward to the shock of gritty reality: "I can't wait to have a fight and get back to normal." Military support services have moved into high gear to alert families to the dangers lurking ahead. Says the Navy's Falk: "We want them to understand that all this is normal."

—Reported by Ann Blackman/
Washington and Don Winbush/Atlanta



First, there's the character who parks too close to your car in the lot. Then, there's the kid down the block with a great future as a pitcher. And of course, there are always shopping carts.

“If you think about all the unpleasant surprises your car faces in a day, making the body-side panels dent-resistant starts to make sense.”

Marcel Cannon's been thinking about all those surprises. He's a body engineer at Saturn who runs lots of tests, smashing cars into things and things into cars. Just like a car's real life.

The shopping cart test is one of the more



unusual he's ever run, but there's a solid logic to it: to make sure our bodyside panels really do bounce back.

DENT-RESISTANT BODYSIDE PANELS are featured on every Saturn, reducing damage caused by corrosion, gravel and parking lot mishaps. Also, the paint flexes with the panels, so the car's finish should last for years. And one need only look at the



world around us to see the value of a durable finish.

"The idea behind all this is pretty simple," Marcel explains. "To make a car that looks good the day you bring it home, and looks good years later when you want to trade it in."



And, we might add, to park wherever you want. And not worry about shopping carts.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAR.

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No Donkeys in This Horse Race

As Bush savors the gulf victory and lengthens his odds for 1992, the Democrats shy away from the starting gate

By MARGARET CARLSON

The only thing more embarrassing to the Democrats than the spectacle of seven dwarfs scrambling for the presidential nomination 20 months before the election is the absence of any candidates at all. At this point in the run-up to the 1988 voting, a bomb blast in Des Moines' Savery Hotel would have wiped out much of the Democratic field of candidates and most of the political press corps. Now Iowans just sit and watch the hogs fatten.

If few Democrats seemed eager to run before Jan. 15, the gulf war has done little to whet anyone's appetite. Running against an incumbent President is hard enough; running against a triumphant Commander in Chief is nearly impossible, no matter how much bunting a candidate drapes himself in. Campaigning is often absurd under any circumstances—a gaggle of politicians asking to be taken seriously while begging to be liked. Who wants to leave himself or herself open to the sort of antics of elections past—Ronald Reagan grabbing the microphone he paid for in New Hampshire, Bruce Babbitt comparing himself unfavorably to a talking horse, Pierre Dupont IV pleading to be called Pete—while the President is welcoming back his victorious troops and addressing a flag-waving joint session of Congress?

Jay Leno joked last week that Saddam Hussein's humiliation should be made complete by choosing him as the 1992 Democratic nominee. The fear of such ridicule—and the bad odor Democrats attach to their has-runs—are two reasons why no one is racing to set up phone banks in Davenport, Iowa. Says Democratic Party treasurer Bob Farmer: "The party has got into the habit of

eating its nominees for lunch if they lose."

Congressman Richard Gephardt, who had made Iowa his second home by February 1987, denies both that he is running again and that Farmer will be his top money man. "We have no campaign staff because we have no campaign," huffs press spokeswoman Deborah Johns. The strongest signal that Senator Lloyd Bentsen will not try again is his rejoining the exclusive private clubs from which he resigned during his vice-presidential bid. But fear of ridicule has not kept George McGovern, who lost 49 states in 1972, from announcing that if someone didn't get into this race soon, he would.

That's the kind of suicidal challenge that Democrats, who prefer running against each other to running against a Republican, usually rise to. So far, it has not been enough to draw out dark horse Bob Kerrey, the Nebraska Senator whose vote against using force in the gulf is offset by his Vietnam War record. Yet it did bring out one dark, dark horse: former Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas, who announced he might run while fellow liberal Michael Dukakis was vacationing in Hawaii and unavailable for comment.

The war seems to have obliterated the nomination chances of Senate Armed Services Committee chairman Sam Nunn, who voted against force in the gulf, and raised those of Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, who was for it. Predicts Maryland state chairman and fund raiser Nathan Landow: "As things stand now, Gore has the best shot. The vote on the war was important." The irony is that his pro-war vote, a prerequisite for having a chance in the general election, could deny Gore his dovish party's bid. It is not lost on his colleagues that every time Gore defends their vote against force,

he gets to rub in the fact that he chose right on the biggest foreign-policy issue of the past decade. When asked last week, Gore went so far as to say he was "actively thinking about" running. Other "go" signals: he looks 20 lbs. thinner, and he has \$1 million left over from his 1990 Senate campaign.

Until now, Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder has been the most visible noncandidate, crisscrossing the country giving speeches, wooing deep pockets in Hollywood and devising a catchy slogan—"the New Mainstream." He's even survived what might have been a fatal blunder after flying on a state-owned aircraft to visit former model Patricia Kluge, recently divorced from one of the wealthiest men in the U.S. For good measure, Wilder appointed Kluge, star of the soft-porn movie *Nine Ages of Nakedness*, to the board of visitors of the University of Virginia. But running in a race without challengers means never having to say you're sorry. When the episode became public, Wilder simply reimbursed the state \$3,707 for the plane ride and said of Kluge, "We're friends." Gary Hart, call your PAC manager.

As nonrunners go, no one can compete with Zen candidate Mario Cuomo, who by never running always looms as the front runner. Cuomo trumped Wilder last month by announcing that he doesn't plan to make an announcement that he is not running in '92. Is that perfectly clear?

War has unintended consequences—and improving the presidential campaign by shortening it is not the least of them. There are even those, such as Al From, director of the Democratic Leadership Council, who gamely argue that "the war may turn out to be the best thing that has happened to the Democratic Party in years. It provided a real shock to the system at a phase in the cycle when we can re-think our approach." That may prove hopelessly optimistic. But one thing seems true: from their current below-sea-level crouch, the Democrats have nowhere to spring but up.

—Reported by

Laurence I. Barrett/Washington

WILL THE REAL CANDIDATE PLEASE STAND UP?



LOYD BENTSEN

Does he prefer private clubs to public office?



MARIO CUOMO

Does not running make him the front runner?



RICHARD GEPHARDT

Swears he is staff-free—is he running a Stealth campaign?



ALBERT GORE

Does right on the war make him right for the nomination?



SAM NUNN

Does wrong on the war unilaterally disarm Mr. Defense?



DOUGLAS WILDER

Looks, walks and quacks like a candidate—is he?

American Notes

AMENITIES

The Seat Of Luxury

Marketing experts may wonder why Denver's Cherry Creek mall is so flush. Generating nearly \$400 per sq. ft. in annual sales, it is one of the most profitable shopping centers in America. Could it be the free valet parking for the handicapped, or the swanky Neiman-Marcus store with its \$100,000 furs? Guess again, folks! Local shoppers

know: it's the mall's bathrooms.

So posh are the facilities that shoppers and tourists often pay a visit whether nature is calling or not. The rest rooms feature soft lighting, gold-plated fixtures, marble changing tables (complete with complimentary diapers), marble-and-gold phone booths and automatic toilets. Since the mall opened last August, says general manager David Wass, beaming, "it's not uncommon for people with relatives or visitors in town to show them the rest rooms."



Here's lookin' at you, kid: gold, marble and wall-to-wall mirrors



Selling out: Luci, Lady Bird and Lynda

KLBJ AM-FM, the highly profitable Austin radio station once valued at \$27 million, is on the block for \$13.5 million. Thirty cable-TV systems may bring \$50 million.

The sell-off was hastened by the illness and retirement of CEO Donald Thomas, LBJ's lawyer, who ran the financial empire single-handedly for years. Neither Lady Bird Johnson, 78, nor daughters Lynda and Luci, who live far from Texas, are prepared to ride herd on the business. Besides, the seven Johnson grandchildren, who hold stakes in the company through their trusts, are growing up. "It's generational change," said family spokesman George Christian. "Everything dictated that they all go their separate ways." And probably quite comfortably: all the properties being offered are free of debt.

TEXAS

End of an Empire

When he died in 1973, former President Lyndon Johnson left behind an assortment of thriving Texas broadcast and real estate properties that in 1985 was valued at more than \$100 million. But now the LBJ Co., owned almost entirely by the Johnson family, is being dismantled for far less, a victim of the state's economic bust.

The White House encouraged the switch of the Harvard-educated Roemer, 48, who was known as a fiscal conservative and social moderate while serving in Congress from 1980 to 1988. But the change by no means assures his victory, even though white supremacist Duke has been disavowed by the Republican leadership and the flamboyant Edwards was paraded before the public in the course of two corruption trials that ended in acquittal. In Louisiana politics, being a scoundrel is not necessarily a liability.

GUNS

Casualties on The Home Front

The Persian Gulf war ended with a stunningly low U.S. death rate. But the home front is producing far grimmer battle statistics. According to a federal study released last week, gunshot wounds are the prime cause of death among both black and white teenage boys. Young black males are still 11

times as likely to be murdered with a gun as are white youths. Yet the firearm death rate among all male teenagers increased more than 40% from 1984 to 1988, exceeding the mortality rate from natural causes. "Where are the yellow ribbons of hope and remembrance?" asked Health and Human Services Secretary Louis W. Sullivan in announcing the statistics. "Where is the heartfelt commitment to supporting the children of this war?"

THE CONFEDERACY

Forget, Hell!

The Civil War ended 126 years ago, but the Stars and Bars can still stir racial tension in the old Confederacy. Three years ago, 14 black state legislators in Alabama were arrested for attempting to remove the Confederate flag, symbol of a slaveholders'

rebellion, at the state capitol. In 1983 black students at the University of Mississippi succeeded in forcing the school to abandon the flag as its emblem.

This month a handful of white students at the James F. Byrnes High School in Duncan, S.C., which in 1970 banned use of the flag in official activities, began demanding the right to wear it on their clothes. What started as a violation of the

school's code of conduct soon developed into a full-scale freedom of speech demonstration, with 80 students and parents parading the rebel banner on Duncan's East Main Street. Said 10th-grader Jamie Dill: "My daddy gave me this [flag]. I believe in what it stands for." By the time the flap subsided last week, about 100 students had been suspended.



Rallying around the flag in Duncan, S.C.

LOUISIANA

Party Pooper

"The most important things in life have nothing to do with party," said Louisiana Governor Buddy Roemer last week after abandoning the Democrats for the G.O.P. The move could save his political neck in a three-way re-election race next fall against Republican State Representative David Duke, an ex-Ku Klux Klan leader, and former Governor Edwin Edwards.

● COVER STORIES

Boris Vs. Mikhail

As the people vote on the Union's future, Gorbachev and Yeltsin war over the remains of the empire



Campaigning in Minsk: Gorbachev gets out the republican vote



By BRUCE W. NELAN



They came by the tens of thousands, some bearing posters depicting the jubilant face of Boris Yeltsin, others holding placards

demanding the removal of Mikhail Gorbachev. By noon on a chilly Sunday, more than 200,000 people filled the vastness of Manezh Square outside the crenellated walls of the Kremlin. As a speaker shouted out resolutions, the crowd voted overwhelmingly for authorities to stop persecuting Yeltsin, leader of the Russian republic, and for Gorbachev to resign as Soviet President. Addressing the throng, Moscow Mayor Gavril Popov asked, "Do we trust the leadership of the country?" The crowd roared back, "No!"

The demonstration, perhaps the largest in the Soviet Union since the advent of *perestroika* five years ago, only served to sharpen the conflict between the country's two most prominent politicians. On one side is Mikhail Gorbachev, the father of *perestroika* and *glasnost*, the brilliant if testy infighter whose policies not only failed to put bread on the table but spurred most of

the country's 15 republics to loosen if not actually break the ties that bind them to Moscow. On the other side is Boris Yeltsin, the Lazarus of Soviet politics, the blunt-spoken and somewhat erratic brawler of the streets who seems intent on leading a revolution against the Kremlin.

The battle must be particularly frustrating for Gorbachev, who prides himself on opening up his country's political process to divergent voices, but surely never expected a voice as brash as Yeltsin's to carry so much popular weight. Nothing if not spontaneous, Yeltsin demanded on live television last month that Gorbachev resign. Only a few short years ago, he would have landed in the Gulag for such an attack on the leader of the Soviet Union. Today a verbal assault on Yeltsin by Gorbachev's allies only seems to increase the Russian leader's standing among the people.

The latest battleground between the two men is the 28-word question put to the country in a referendum held on Sunday asking Soviet citizens whether the nation should be preserved as a "renewed federation of equal sovereign republics." The referendum, the first in the nation's history,

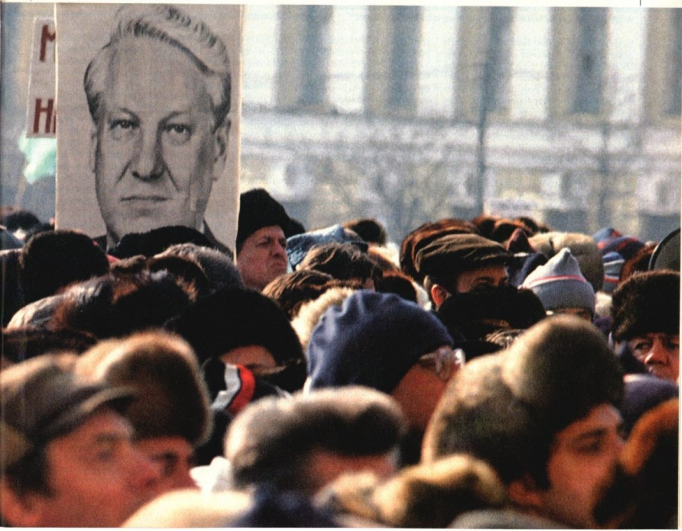
had to be voted upon by a majority of the country's roughly 200 million eligible voters for the result to be valid; even then, the outcome has only symbolic meaning, since the details of the new federation must still be worked out in bargaining between the republics and Moscow.

But to hear the government's spokesmen tell it, the vote would determine nothing less than the future of the world. EITHER UNION OR CHAOS, a *Pravda* headline blared. "The disappearance of the Soviet Union from the world map," a TASS commentator pointed out, would "result in the disruption of the world's political and strategic balance." Certainly true, but whatever results the referendum might accomplish, eradication of the Soviet Union is not one of them.

Though Yeltsin never actually urged people to vote *nyet*, his refusal to endorse the measure irked Gorbachev. The day before the massive rally outside the Kremlin, Yeltsin had called upon the people to "declare war on the leadership of the country, which has led us into this quagmire." In

Man of the people: a portrait of Yeltsin bobs over supporters at last week's Moscow rally

ALEXANDER KRAVTSKY—ASSOCIATED PRESS





What it means to be a Soviet citizen: standing in line, says one poll



Private enterprise in Moscow: an apartment seeker reads through a wall

true Yeltsin style, the Russian leader admitted several days later that perhaps he should not have used the word war, but the damage was done. Soviet officials would give Yeltsin TV time only under restrictive conditions, so the ever resourceful Russian leader took calls from citizens at the office of the liberal daily *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, which then published a transcript.

Complete results of the balloting were not expected until the end of this week, and even then, in spite of official predictions, it might be difficult to interpret them. Six of the Soviet Union's 15 republics—the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, plus Georgia, Armenia and Moldavia—have refused to participate, though some of their residents, mostly Russians, will vote anyway. Special polling places have been set up in ethnic-Russian areas in non-Russian republics. For voters in the armed forces, 6,827 military polling districts have been set up.

While the voting is only an expression of public opinion, and will have no effect on the independence of republics, most politicians see it as a referendum on Gorbachev's leadership. It is possible he sees it that way himself. The Soviet President put his personal authority on the line last week in a nationally televised plea for a yes vote. "The point at issue," he said, "is the fate of the country, the fate of our homeland, our common home, how we and our grandchildren shall live."

Gorbachev announced the referendum last December as part of his plan to push and pull the rebellious republics into sign-

ing a new treaty of union. The treaty, to replace one that created the U.S.S.R. in 1922, would redefine and somewhat loosen the relationship between member republics and the central government in Moscow. Because leaders of several independence-minded republics resisted the idea, Gorbachev decided to go over their heads to the voters. He was confident the majority would vote his way; those republics that balked still would not be allowed to secede.

As head of the largest and richest republic, Yeltsin was not prepared to fall into line until his demands for less control by the central government and more extensive sovereignty for Russia had been met. He objected to the first draft of the treaty and last week said he still had problems with the new version, which provides for sharing economic power and even for changing the name of the country (to what is artfully fudged in the text). At issue, said Yeltsin, was not simply whether to preserve the Union, but how to improve it. "If we preserve it in its present form," he said, "then we are preserving not the country but the system that is ruining the country today."

Like Gorbachev, Yeltsin hopes to bend the referendum to his own purposes. The second question on the ballot in Russia is whether the republic should establish a directly elected presidency. Voters are likely to say they do want to choose their own leader, and Yeltsin is likely to win an election. He will then be ready to do battle with Gorbachev on a more equal footing. With

a huge power base and an electoral mandate, Yeltsin will face a national leader who has never been popularly elected but has massive institutional power at his command.

Gorbachev will portray a yes vote in the referendum as evidence that Yeltsin is defying the will of the people by obstructing the Union treaty. Though conservative deputies have forced a vote of confidence in the Russian parliament for March 28 to threaten Yeltsin's hold on the chairmanship, his position will be greatly strengthened if Yeltsin becomes an elected president. The stalemate could then be prolonged. Yeltsin, however, has limited administrative and no police power and cannot enforce Russian laws on radical economic reform, for example, if they conflict with the Supreme Soviet's legislation.

Ideally, Yeltsin would like to see the Soviet President and his Cabinet cede power to the Federation Council, a policymaking body that includes the leaders of all 15 constituent republics, though some of them are boycotting it. To force out the power-holders, who uniformly despise him, Yeltsin may be thinking of something like Czechoslovakia's "velvet revolution," street demonstrations fueled by an overwhelming wave of people power. But no matter how great his popularity, even Yeltsin will be hard put to mobilize the Russian masses in large enough numbers. They are mostly anti-Gorbachev and antigovernment, but their political inertia has been ingrained over centuries. Already their initial excitement and interest in the open politics of



homemade advertisements in hopes of finding something he can afford



A wheezing industrial base: a Soviet machinist takes a cigarette break

Gorbachev's *demokratizatsiya* have given way to apathy, cynicism and exhaustion.

Even worse, the fledgling democrats cannot seem to pull themselves together. Yeltsin last week urged the splintered, squabbling opposition factions to form a single, pro-democracy party. But Yuri Afanasyev, a leader of the liberal Inter-Regional Group of Deputies in the Soviet Parliament, opposed the idea. Putting everyone into the same party, he argued, was a Bolshevik approach. "It is better for us to agree on something fundamental," he said, "rather than join something anonymous and faceless."

Yeltsin has positioned himself in the role Gorbachev formerly played so well: supporter of the common folk. When thousands of coal miners went on strike in 1989, Gorbachev associated himself with their fight against management and emerged as a hero to the working class. Miners are striking in parts of the Ukraine and Siberia once again, but their leaders have turned to Yeltsin. Last week the Russian leader met with strike coordinators, who declared their full support for Yeltsin's political position and "readiness to support it with all possible nonviolent methods." Most miners are asking for higher wages, but some say their demand is purely political: the resignation of Gorbachev.

Why is the creator of *perestroika* and *glasnost* so hated in the country he freed from fear? To some extent, statistics explain why. A report by the Soviet State Planning Committee predicts that Soviet GNP will fall 11.6% in 1991; it declined 3% last year. In-

dustrial production this year will drop more than 15%, and agricultural output 5%. One state economic planner said he feared a return to "the horrible times we lived through in the past," referring to "the famine of the 1930s, the repressions of 1937." A poll published last week by the Soviet National Public Opinion Studies Center asked, "What does the Soviet Union offer its citizens?" The response given by 65% of those interviewed: "Shortages, waiting in lines and a miserable existence."

Gorbachev's tentative domestic reforms have so far succeeded only in disabling the old centrally planned economy without providing an effective replacement. He took over the Communist Party in 1985 thinking he could energize and modernize the existing machinery. He was neither a democrat nor a free-marketeer and described himself as a dedicated Communist. But in time he discovered that the party bureaucrats were blocking him because they oppose change in general and treasure their power and privileges. Gorbachev then decided to try to blast the party out of its executive positions and transfer power to a reconstructed government. Still, he said, he remained a Leninist.

His efforts failed, and the *glasnost* that accompanied them set loose ethnic strife, rampant nationalism and separatist movements in the republics. In March 1990 Lithuania declared its independence, and Moscow was faced with the possible breakup of the Soviet Union. This threat

changed the entire debate about the country's economic and political future, for Gorbachev was not prepared to endorse the dissolution of the Union.

Restoration of order became the slogan of the day, and Gorbachev seems to believe in it as much as the party, the army and the KGB. "In some ways," says a U.S. State Department official, "it was the resurgence of nationalism that justified the resurgence of the right." Gorbachev has replaced his original team of reformers with hacks from the party Central Committee. He has shown the fist to separatists in the Baltics, and he has put joint army and police patrols onto the streets of the cities.

Such visible hardening has increased speculation that a military coup might be in the offing. Some Western experts and even some Soviets argue that a *de facto* coup has taken place. The reactionaries were shocked when radicals took control of city councils in Moscow, Leningrad and Sverdlovsk and several republics began talking of secession. Those developments apparently mobilized the army and its allies in the giant military-industrial production network. After 46 representatives of eight defense-related ministries signed an open letter last September warning that new laws threatened to destroy the defense industry, Gorbachev changed course. He dropped the radical 500-day economic reform plan he had praised earlier and adopted still another muddled plan for piecemeal changes.

A series of unexplained military maneuvers around Moscow last fall fueled rumors that the army had used scare tactics to pres-

WHAT THEY VOTED ON: "Do you consider it necessary to preserve the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as a renewed federation of equal sovereign republics in which the human rights and freedoms of people of any nationality will be fully guaranteed?"

Six republic governments that refused to participate

1 Estonia
1,573,000 (pop.)

2 Latvia
2,681,000

3 Lithuania
3,690,000

6 Moldavia
4,341,000

7 Georgia
5,449,000

8 Armenia
3,283,000

14 Kazakhstan
16,538,000
Altered referendum question:
"Do you consider it necessary to preserve the U.S.S.R. as a Union of equal sovereign states?"

Republics voting on referendum as written

4 Belorussia
10,200,000

10 Turkmenistan
3,534,000

12 Tadzhikistan
5,112,000

Republics with a second ballot question setting more specific terms for remaining in the union

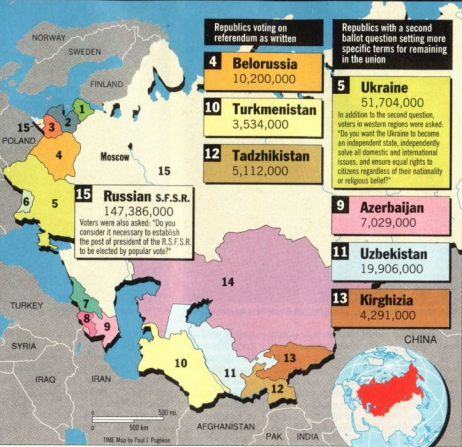
5 Ukraine
51,704,000
In addition to the second question, voters in western regions were asked: "Do you want the Ukraine to become an independent state, independently solve all domestic and international issues, and ensure equal rights to citizens regardless of their nationality or religious belief?"

9 Azerbaijan
7,029,000

11 Uzbekistan
19,906,000

13 Kirghizia
4,291,000

15 Russian S.F.S.R.
147,386,000
Voters were also asked: "Do you consider it necessary to establish the post of president of the R.S.F.S.R. to be elected by popular vote?"



sure Gorbachev. A much repeated story speaks of a tense meeting of the Communist Party Politburo at which the President was forced to back away from economic reform and crack down on separatism.

Gorbachev's two liberal economic advisers, Stanislav Shatalin and Nikolai Petrakov, who were among the chief architects of the 500-Day Plan, say their handiwork "horrified" and "galvanized" the conservatives and led to a crisis session of the party leadership. According to Shatalin, one of the strongest opponents of his plan was Valentin Pavlov, who was then Finance Minister. It was Pavlov, recently appointed Prime Minister, who last month cast a chill on investors from abroad by accusing Westerners of plotting to flood the Soviet market with billions of rubles, wreck the economy and ultimately overthrow Gorbachev. Two weeks ago, the daily *Moskovsky Komsomolets* reported that Moscow party chief Yuri Prokofiev had said, "Gorbachev was forced to refuse the [radical reform] program at nighttime sessions of the Politburo."

Those stories might be true, but they

are not necessary to explain Gorbachev's retreat. He is a conservative, and all his instincts must have warned him that if he swapped his stop-and-go style of reform for a plunge into a free market, there was no way to know what might happen. He could not bring himself to risk everything, including the destruction of communism.

Oleg Bogomolov, director of Moscow's Institute of International Economic and Political Research, speculates that Gorbachev then took a new look at the central bureaucracy. Bogomolov says, "Gorbachev probably recognized that the old system still showed signs of life, that it could be preserved and reformed." In other words, it was a strategic retreat into a renewed alliance with the party, the military and the economic masters of the country.

However it happened, says Peter Frank, a Soviet expert at Britain's University of Essex, "the reactionaries' interests and Gorbachev's are now in harmony." As evidence, Frank points to the composition of the new policymaking Security Council announced

recently in Moscow. In addition to the President, its members are Vice President Gennadi Yanayev and Prime Minister Pavlov, both hidebound bureaucrats; Foreign Minister Alexander Bessmertnykh, a professional diplomat with little political clout; Interior Minister Boris Pugo, Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov and KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov, all hard-liners; and two token moderates, former Interior Minister Vadim Bakatin and Yevgeni Primakov, a Gorbachev adviser.

In the new Cabinet of Ministers, the Prime Minister has four First Deputies: all of them have links with the military-industrial complex. When Gorbachev's economic advisers Shatalin and Petrakov resigned after the military crackdown in the Baltics in January, he replaced them with two apparatchiks from the staff of the party Central Committee, says Bogomolov: "Gorbachev is less the President nowadays than the Communist Party General Secretary, carrying out the decisions of the Politburo and the party plenum."

Many Western experts have been speculating that when the time came for a

World



Private armies: a Georgian militiaman stands guard with an AK-47



Price of separatism: mourning an Ossetian sniper's victim in Georgia



Repression: the graves of Lithuanians killed by Soviet troops

crackdown, Gorbachev would lead it. While he is a relatively benevolent dictator—more Peter the Great than Stalin—and his powers to rule by decree have been handed to him legally, he remains a dictator. His idea of democracy is a reasonable amount of public debate and a limited devolution of authority to the republics, but a clear concentration of power at the center.

A man whose every move is tactical, Gorbachev is intent on one overriding goal, stability, for the country and himself. In a speech last month in Minsk, he told workers, "I am decisively in favor of political and economic stabilization, for strengthening order, so that authority is authority and not jelly." He now favors a "stable political coalition of centrist forces" that will include more than the Communist Party but exclude radical democratic groups. He apparently envisions parliament and national politics as Communist-dominated but co-opting enough dissent to keep the comrades on their toes. "It is necessary to turn the Communist Party into the integrating factor of all centrist forces," he says.

"He is in a holding operation at home and abroad," says Dimitri Simes, a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington. "His stated purpose is stability," agrees a State Department expert, "but the situation is likely to get worse. We have to be prepared for an expanding cycle of repression."

That prediction is almost a certainty because neither of Gorbachev's crushing problems is about to go away. The referendum will do nothing to force the separatist republics to relent, and without basic reform the economy can only deteriorate. After withdrawing 50- and 100-ruble notes from circulation and setting the KGB to examining the books of offices with foreign connections, the government's next "reform" will be to raise prices on consumer goods an average 60%.

When Gorbachev summons the republics back to work on the revised Union treaty, officially titled the Treaty of the Union of Sovereign Republics, he will find them as reluctant as ever. One provision of the treaty, however, is that those republics that refuse to sign will be governed by "exist-

ing legislation of the U.S.S.R., mutual obligations and agreements." So the break-away states that thought they could opt out of the Union by not joining the new one will still be held hostage. Undeterred, Lithuanian President Vytautas Landsbergis says he will negotiate with Moscow only if the end result is Lithuanian independence. Rukh, the anti-Union movement in the western Ukraine, advises its supporters, "It is necessary to be independent to get rich."

Few in the Soviet Union are going to rise to riches under the Gorbachev plan, which has already shown it has no answers to the country's problems. The requirements for a better national life are a free economy and a democratic system. Without both, the future can only offer a cycle of unrest and repression. The more violence the state uses to preserve itself, the worse the economy will become and the less help the rest of the world will be willing to offer. As Gorbachev moves to the conservative camp, his course does not lead toward stability, but crisis. —**Reported by James Carney and John Kohan/Moscow and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington**



For he's a jolly good fellow: Yeltsin sings along with high school buddies at a party celebrating his 60th birthday in February

Portrait of a Populist

Though Yeltsin can—and does—still play a crowd like a virtuoso, he is no brash rabble-rouser

By DAVID AIKMAN

His physical presence never fails to impress. At 6 ft. 4 in., Boris Yeltsin looms over listeners and lecterns, taming audiences of 1 to 100,000. His ramrod-stiff stance, his thick silver hair, his deep, slow voice all suggest a coil of powerful but slow-burning energy. Yet when Yeltsin starts to speak, the effect is not intimidating but mesmerizing, even entertaining. He has the touch of a born orator, able to sense the mood and needs of a crowd and play it for all it's worth. "When I first came into the room," he told a dinner audience high in a Dallas skyscraper during his U.S. visit in 1989, "I thought I was attending the Miss America contest." Delighted giggles from the women; knowing chuckles from their escorts. The audience was captivated, and Yeltsin's great putty face began its expressive dance through another speech.

Yeltsin's rapport with audiences is as instinctive with socialites in Chicago as it is with construction workers in his native Sverdlovsk. That remarkable skill constitutes a breakthrough in an unwritten, decades-old rule of Soviet politics that inhibits leaders from relating emotionally with their audiences. If a speaker connects, after all, the implication is that the views of the audience count, that persuasion is involved, that the audience, heaven forbid, actually has something to communicate back to the stage. Yeltsin has tapped the desperate yearning of Russians to be taken

seriously by their leaders, to be spoken to rather than lectured at. He is thus not simply the most popular contemporary Russian political figure by far, but also the first genuinely popular Russian political figure since the Bolshevik Revolution.

Though Yeltsin fits the label of populist, he possesses a depth of character and an integrity that make him much more than a Huey Long in a Siberian fur hat. Like many populists, Yeltsin has made his share of rash promises—to provide all Muscovites with an apartment by the year 2000, say, or to achieve a measurable improvement in living standards in two years. But unlike most, Yeltsin has taken his political lumps and recovered from them. He has perceptibly matured from the brash, almost bullying Moscow party boss of 1987, who boasted that he fired 40% of the party hacks who ran the city. Says Mikhail Poltaranin, a Yeltsin adviser who edited the pro-Yeltsin *Moskovskaya Pravda* in 1987: "When he was being attacked, he had to defend himself, and it was very unnerving. He made mistakes. Nowadays he's more balanced, calmer, more sure of himself."

How serious is Yeltsin's conversion to liberal democracy? The hard-to-please Muscovite intelligentsia were deeply skeptical of Yeltsin at first. After all, as Moscow party boss he actually received a boisterous delegation from *Pamyat*, the openly anti-Semitic Russian ultranationalist organization. But suspicion turned to respect after Yeltsin won election to the Congress of People's Deputies in 1989 by winning 5 mil-

lion out of the 5.5 million votes cast in Moscow.

Yeltsin's popularity stems partly from the impression he conveys that he understands the daily frustrations of Russian life. Nothing has endeared him more to ordinary people than his denunciation of the privileges of the political élite. In his autobiography, *Against the Grain*, Yeltsin describes the opulence of the Politburo villa that he was offered (and turned down) in 1987, wickedly reminding readers along the way that the house had once been assigned to Mikhail Gorbachev. As party first secretary in Sverdlovsk during the 1970s, Yeltsin enjoyed the same perks that Gorbachev received in Stavropol province in the south. But while Gorbachev took to the privileges like an English earl to a grouse-shooting party, Yeltsin seemed to feel he had got them by sneaking over the earl's fence.

Yeltsin is impulsive and can be downright cavalier in personal relations. The carpet outside his presidential office in the Byely Dom (literally, White House), the Russian Supreme Soviet building on the Moscow River, must have been worn thin by the pacing of visitors who never got to see him at the appointed hour. Yet Yeltsin genuinely loves people and thrives on contact with them. Says he: "If I don't meet with people for a time, I start getting nervous."

What motivates Yeltsin above all else is his sense that he is a player in the drama of history. By calling for Gorbachev's resignation on television last month, Yeltsin believed he was summoning destiny to his side, helping allow Soviet citizens to make their own choices about their country's future. Gorbachev deserves the credit for setting the Soviet Union free from its repressive past, but Yeltsin may yet get the credit for breaking the Kremlin's present-day grip on the union itself. ■

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

The Conductor of Discord



Mikhail Gorbachev specializes in the politics of the impossible. Even his job description—to preside over a country that is falling apart—is a contradiction in terms. He may be the most widely disliked figure in the Soviet Union, yet he is convinced that he alone can avert outright warfare among tribes and factions that hate one another even more than they hate him.

Traditionally, politicians build coalitions of supporters. Gorbachev has done the opposite. He has managed to make a peculiar virtue out of having detractors on all sides.

Reactionaries will never forgive him for his earlier policies, while democrats feel betrayed and threatened by his current ones. Nationalists see him as thwarting their drive for independence, while imperialists blame him for tolerating the very idea of secession.

So far he has been able to play these complaints off each other and position himself in the middle as the conductor of a discordant choir. What he has done that infuriates the left also makes him tolerable to the right, albeit just barely. And vice versa. Remove him from the equation, and the result could be a cataclysmic struggle between forces that are intolerable to each other.

Boris Yeltsin has supplanted Gorbachev as the Soviet politician who seems most committed to following through on reform. Unlike Gorbachev, Yeltsin has openly broken with the Communist Party, and he wants to legalize private property and introduce a real free market. His vision for the future—independence for some republics, a loose confederation for the rest—is, in the long run, probably more realistic than Gorbachev's. But in the near term it tempts disaster in the form of a much more serious backlash than what has already occurred. While Yeltsin's boldness resonates with the impatience of much of the populace, it also terrifies, antagonizes and provokes the reactionaries. Yeltsin has people power, but his enemies have the power that comes from the barrel of a gun.

No doubt largely because Yeltsin is so popular, Gorbachev detests him, and Yeltsin heartily reciprocates the sentiment. They are trying to vanquish each other with public denunciations, parliamentary maneuvers, resolutions on ballots and demonstrations in the streets. But vicious as their rivalry is, it is nothing compared with the way politics used to be in the Soviet Union—and might be again if the advocates of a return to repression were to prevail.

Bloody Sunday, Jan. 13, when Soviet soldiers killed unarmored civilians in Lithuania, is often cited as proof that Gor-

bachev has already thrown in with the ultraconservatives. Actually, in the aftermath of the massacre, he showed his determination to preserve an equilibrium between right and left, between centrifugal and centripetal forces. If the hardliners had really had their way in Vilnius, the night of horror would have stretched into a week, a month, perhaps a new era. Vytautas Landsbergis would now be dead, in jail or, if he were extremely lucky, back to teaching music. Instead he remains President of Lithuania.

The Baltic affair is a reminder that the outside world has an unusual claim on the man in the Kremlin and hence some

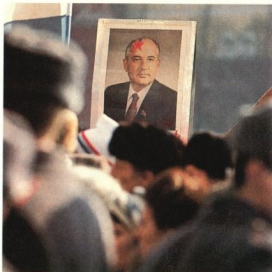
limited influence on the policies that emanate from there. Especially now that Gorbachev has alienated or disillusioned his constituencies at home, he is desperate to preserve the ones he has built abroad. He was aghast when his pals George Bush, Helmut Kohl and François Mitterrand warned that the violence in Vilnius jeopardized not only Western economic assistance to *perestroika* but also Gorbachev's personal standing in the club of world leaders.

In the midst of that uproar, Gorbachev had to replace Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, who anticipated the use of force against nationalists and resigned in pre-emptive protest. The resurgent Old Guard's choice for the post

was the Politburo ideologist, Alexander Dzasokhov; on the eve of Bloody Sunday he had the inside track. But at the last minute, to reassure the international community, Gorbachev picked instead a Shevardnadze protégé, the smooth, English-speaking ambassador to Washington, Alexander Bessmertnykh.

Of course, if Gorbachev had heeded Shevardnadze in the first place, there might never have been a massacre in Vilnius or a vacancy at the Foreign Ministry. Still, Gorbachev did call off the tanks, leaving Landsbergis' government in the Lithuanian parliament and Soviet troops around the republic's main TV station several blocks away—a standoff that captures in microcosm the state of the U.S.S.R. as a whole. And in Bessmertnykh, the Soviet Union has ended up with a Foreign Minister who is a comedown from Shevardnadze but a considerable improvement on Dzasokhov.

Thus the outcome of the latest crisis has been worse than anyone would have liked but better than many had feared. That seems to be the appropriate judgment about the U.S.S.R. these days. The blame and credit due Gorbachev are, like so many contradictory elements over which he presides, in a rough, precarious balance.



Gorbachev is the target of political forces he has unleashed



Pitched battle: police train cannonades of water on crowds of antigovernment demonstrators

YUGOSLAVIA

Mass Bedlam in Belgrade

After a turbulent week of protests, one Serbian leader resigns and another sees his grip on power weakened

By JAMES L. GRAFF BELGRADE

Serbia, Yugoslavia's largest republic, has spent months poised on the brink of conflict with neighboring Croatia on behalf of the ethnic Serbs living there. But last week, the most harrowing for Yugoslavia since the end of World War II, Serbia was fighting battles entirely within its own borders. In a scenario that seems to have become a rite of passage in the new Europe, the people of the republic were pitted against an autocratic regime, Serbia's communist government. The showdown came in the capital, Belgrade, where anti-communist demonstrations paralyzed the city center for three tense days and nights after a weekend of violence.

The chief political casualties from the week's ferment were Yugoslavia's two senior Serbs. On Friday, Borisav Jovic, the Serbian leader of Yugoslavia's eight-man presidency, resigned after a majority of his colleagues from the country's five other republics rejected an army proposal to declare a national state of emergency. The next day, two more presidency members who supported Jovic followed suit. Voicing fears that the country was headed inexorably toward civil war, Jovic said he was "not ready to go along with such decisions that are leading to the breakup of the country." For his part, Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic found his grip on power seriously weakened by the turmoil. With the prospect that the army might yet impose a crackdown, Yugoslavia was left teetering between hope and fear.

The fulcrum of uncertainty was Milosevic, 49, who rose to power in 1986 on a populist wave of Serbian nationalism and was overwhelmingly confirmed as president—under the banner of the renamed Socialist Party of Serbia—in elections last December. In his efforts to fuel nationalist passions and to silence dissent, Milosevic exercised ironclad control over Serbia's state-owned media, which in turn waged a war of words against secessionist-minded Croats and Slovenes and the equally nationalistic but more democratic Serbian opposition. On March 9 some 100,000 people crowded into Belgrade's Republic Square to register their opposition.

A pitched battle broke out when Serbian riot police, firing rubber bullets, tear gas and water cannons, charged the rallyers. Many of the protesters fought back with trash cans, paving blocks ripped from the sidewalks and even furniture from open-air cafés. As the crowd swarmed toward the Serbian parliament building, a 17-year-old boy, Branivoje Milinovic, was killed by police gunfire; more than 100 other people were injured, and a policeman later died of head wounds. The federal army, commanded by a largely Serbian officer corps, deployed tanks and

armored personnel carriers at Serbia's request, in what Croatian prime minister Josip Manolic called "an act against the constitution."

Early last week thousands of students gathered in protest on Terazije square, one of Belgrade's main thoroughfares. They demanded the resignation of state-controlled media managers and the Serbian minister of police, as well as the release of the more than 600 demonstrators who had been detained.

As the protests persisted, Milosevic began parceling out concessions. His appointees at the head of RadioTelevision Belgrade resigned. Vuk Draskovic, leader of the opposition Serbian Renewal Movement, was released after spending three days in prison. Serbian minister of police Radmilo Bogdanovic, held responsible by the opposition for police violence, offered his resignation.

But Milosevic and his regime are clearly not not going to bow out with a whimper. In three tense marathon sessions of the collective federal presidency (made up of representatives of all six republics and the two Serbian provinces of Vojvodina and Kosovo), Jovic, backed by the army chief of staff, had pressed for a military crackdown. "Milosevic is a fighting man," said Milovan Djilas, a dissident communist who was jailed repeatedly by Marshal Josip Broz Tito in the 1950s and '60s. "He won't go for a fundamental change of policy."

Many Serbs, though hurt by a depression that saw the republic's industrial production drop 35% last year, back Milosevic because they fear the prospect of a painful switch to a market-oriented economy. Strong support also comes from the federal army, whose officers enjoy privileges that would probably be jettisoned by a liberal Serbian government.

It may not be enough, however, to wrest the initiative back from the anti-communist movement. "Milosevic's castle has been destroyed," said Desimir Totic, vice president of the opposition Democrats. "He could make a desperate move to stay in power, but it won't be the same power he held in the past."

Such questions are moot, however, if the army decides to take matters into its own hands. The spate of presidential resignations last week left Yugoslavia in confusion over just what civilian authority ultimately commands the military. If the answer turns out to be Milosevic and the army leaders, the country could sink into an even grimmer cycle of violence.



Milosevic supporters counter

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IRAQ

Wanted: a Strong Leader for a Broken Land (Not You, Saddam)

The allies would love to replace the Iraqi dictator, but a suitable successor is nowhere to be found

By LISA BEYER

They gathered to demonstrate their unity to the world. Yet in the breaks between their formal sessions of solidarity posing at Beirut's Bristol Hotel last week, the disparate members of the Iraqi opposition could not resist heaping scorn on one another. Someone noted that before Youssef al-Durrah joined the Democratic Movement, he served as Saddam Hussein's press director. A rival pointed out that Hassan Alawi of the Arab Independents once worked as Saddam's speechwriter. And that communist, Nazih Doulaime? Well, a critic readily volunteered, she had once been a full member of Saddam's Cabinet!

Who Is Meanest Of Them All?

Who is the meanest man in Iraq? Those who think it is Saddam Hussein may want to change their opinion. Saddam's new Interior Minister, his paternal cousin Ali Hassan Majid, is as pitiless as they come—"a total brute," as a British diplomat describes him.

Born in 1940 in Saddam's hometown of Tikrit, Majid began his career in the Baath Party's internal-security branch, whimsically called the Instrument of Yearning. Its reputation for rough torture made it the most feared organization in Iraq. Grateful for Majid's help in ridding him of Baathist rivals, Saddam made him Minister of Municipalities. But his real job was to be Saddam's No. 1 enforcer.

When Saddam was casting about for someone to put down the worst rebellion he has ever faced, he needed to look no farther than his own family. Cousin Majid ordered a poison-gas attack on restive Kurds in 1988, killing 5,000 and earning him the nickname "the butcher of Kurdistan." Last September, Majid, who like Saddam has a limited education and little sophistication about the outside world, was made governor of occupied Kuwait so that he would suppress the resistance. He was responsible for the summary execution of its members and the abduction of an estimated 2,000 Kuwaitis to Iraq. ■

Given their zestful animosities, it was no wonder the delegates in Beirut failed to convince anyone that they constituted a serious alternative to Saddam's rule. The factions could not even manage to form a government-in-exile, let alone prove they could rule Iraq together in a post-Saddam world.

Even as the opposition leaders pleaded for outside support for the rebellion against Saddam, their bickering underscored just why such backing has not materialized: with no coherent leadership at its head, the uprising was a prescription for Iraq's unraveling. Thus the U.S. and its allies preferred to remain spectators to the insurrection. They continued to hope for a straightforward coup that would replace Saddam with a member of his establishment flexible enough to reconcile with the allies but steely enough to hold the fraying country intact. "Iraq is a violent political culture," said a senior State Department official. "In the long term, maybe it could get by without a tough guy but probably not now."

In its second week the revolt against Saddam staggered but stayed alive. In the south, the heartland of Iraq's Shi'ite majority, which has long been dominated by the minority Sunnis, loyalist troops were able to quiet Basra and other restive cities, but only temporarily. As soon as they moved on to other rebellious spots, trouble erupted again "like fire under peat," as a Western diplomat in Riyadh put it.

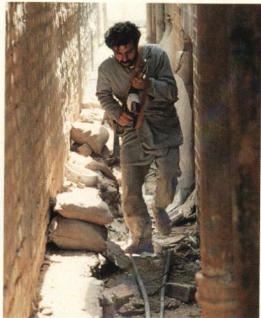
In the north, where autonomy-minded Kurds are leading the uprising, the rebels made wild claims, including an assertion that they controlled 75% of Kurdish Iraq. "If we believed everything they said, we would already be witnessing a Kurdish republic," said the diplomat in Riyadh. Still, it was clear the Kurds were putting up a good fight. The unrest even infected Shi'ite neighborhoods in Baghdad. Saddam's government itself acknowledged in a newspaper report that Iraq faced

"the gravest conspiracy in its contemporary history."

In a broadcast address, the dictator went so far as to promise a new constitution, an elected parliament and legal political parties other than his own Baath—all hard to believe but indicative of how much pressure he feels.

There was no letup in terror though. Refugees reported that loyalists were executing captured rebels by hanging them from utility poles and the gun barrels of tanks. Insurgents in the north claimed the army had taken 5,000 Kurdish women and children hostage and was threatening to kill them. Tehran maintained that 30 Iraqis who had fled to Iran were the victims of napalm attacks by Saddam's troops.

The military's use of helicopter gunships against the rebels provoked a warning from President Bush. Under the terms of a temporary truce reached with Iraq three weeks ago, Baghdad is not to fly any fixed-wing airplanes until a permanent cease-fire agreement is signed. Because Iraq's roads and bridges are so chewed up, Baghdad is allowed to use helicopters. But

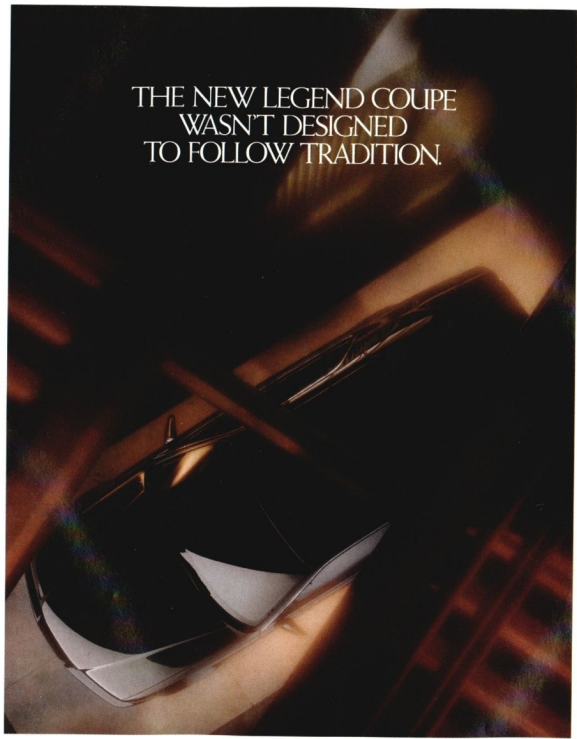


A rebel on the run during a fire fight with loyalists in Basra



Insurrectionists guard captured Iraqi troops

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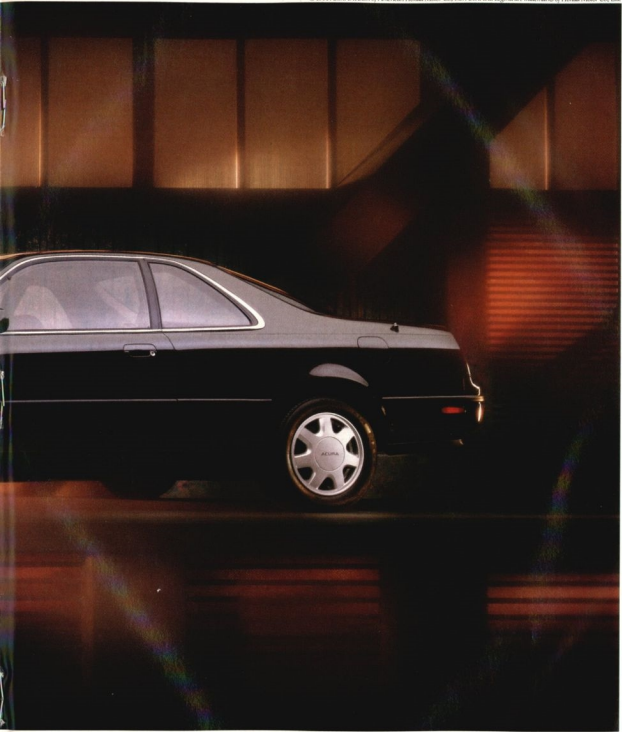




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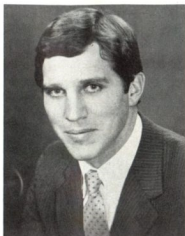


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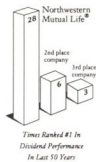
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using the choppers to blast rebels, U.S. officials said, violated the spirit of the understanding. President Bush said the issue might stall the withdrawal of American forces from the gulf. His admonition followed an earlier threat by the U.S. and Britain to attack any Iraqi units that used chemical weapons against the rebels.

That, however, was as far as Washington and its allies were prepared to go in siding with the insurgency. Their fear is that if the central government loses its grip on Iraq, the resulting power vacuum will produce a storm of tumult, with the Shi'ites grabbing the south, the Kurds taking the north and neighboring Iran, Turkey and Syria slicing off bits and pieces of their own. Bush last week warned Tehran that invading Iraq would be "the worst thing it could do."

In Beirut opposition leaders insisted they had a plan to forestall all this. After Saddam's overthrow, they said, popular elections would determine who would rule Iraq. But that was quite a change of heart for the radical Shi'ites, whose aim had always been to create an Islamic regime. "We would like the people to elect us to implement it," explained Abu Bilal al Adib of the al-Dawa party, a sometime sponsor of terrorism. Another Shi'ite representative declared the verbal obeisance to democracy irrelevant. "It is the motivated minority that counts," said he, "and the Islamic movement is the most motivated." Even democracy's true believers doubted its feasibility in Iraq. "Participation in political parties requires a political maturity that is lacking in Iraq," said the Democratic Movement's al-Durrah.

No single opposition figure has yet surfaced around whom the competing factions can easily rally. Among the secularists, the most popular is General Hassan Naqib, 62, a former army deputy chief of staff who broke with Saddam in 1978 and three years later led a failed revolt of Kurds and Muslims in northern Iraq. Like other exiles who have spent many years outside Iraq, however, he may not have a large enough following at home to produce a stable regime.

That is among the reasons Washington still hopes Saddam will be replaced by someone within the Iraqi military. Some of the participants in Beirut also saw that as the best option. According to Bashir Samourai, a member of the Democratic Movement, the opposition has been in touch with the Iraqi military. In the event of a coup, he said, "they would then call us to come and participate." Washington knows that to give tangible support to such a scheme would only doom it to illegitimacy in the eyes of most Iraqis. So until the phone call from an Iraqi officer comes, if it ever does, the plotters are pretty much on their own.

—Reported by David Alkman/
Washington, Lara Marlowe/Beirut and Robert T.
Zintl/Riyadh

The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

Our Man in Kuwait

On Friday evening, March 1, an advance guard of six Kuwaiti Cabinet ministers arrived home to reclaim control of their nation. The news was all bad. The oil-well fires were worse than expected, food and medicine were in short supply, water and electricity were memories. But the prime topic of conversation that night was the "Skip problem."

The "Skip" in question was Edward ("Skip") Gnehm Jr., 46, the U.S. ambassador to Kuwait. The "problem" was really a fear. Many Kuwaitis were afraid that the U.S., after having freed their country from Iraq's domination, aimed to run the place as an American colony and that Skip Gnehm was George Bush's designated proconsul.

There never was a real problem, of course. The Kuwaitis themselves have been

running the show all along (with disastrous consequences). "Skip is an adviser, a facilitator," says Ali Salem, a Kuwaiti resistance leader who stayed behind when the government fled to exile last August. "It's the government's own incompetence that has made them wary of someone who knows what he's doing. The fact is, we would probably be in better shape today if we had made Gnehm proconsul."

A native of Georgia whose two great-grandfathers fought on different sides during the Civil War, Gnehm has a reputation for navigating successfully through difficult straits. In the wake of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, when relations between the U.S. and Syria were restored, it was Gnehm who ran the U.S. interests section in Damascus. When Washington wanted a presence in Riyadh, the Saudi Arabian capital,



Gnehm welcomes the returning Emir

Gnehm was selected. When the sensitive issue of reflagging Kuwaiti oil tankers arose during the Iran-Iraq war, Gnehm was a key negotiator. "He is unassuming and unflappable," says Ali al-Khalifa al-Sabah, Kuwait's Finance Minister, "exactly the kind of guy to deal with Arabs like us."

As ambassador to a government without a country, Gnehm found his diplomatic skills tested almost daily at the Sheraton Hotel near Taif, Saudi Arabia, where the Kuwaiti leadership waited out the occupation. Tempers frayed, decisions were postponed, depression was common. A real crisis arose when Iraq started dumping Kuwaiti oil into the gulf in January. The Saudis and Kuwaitis argued over what to do. It took 48 hours of patient haggling, but Gnehm finally got both sides to agree: U.S. bombers would blast Al-Ahmadi oil facility's manifolds to stem the flow. Gnehm's best trick was getting Kuwait's Oil Minister to believe the idea had been his all along.

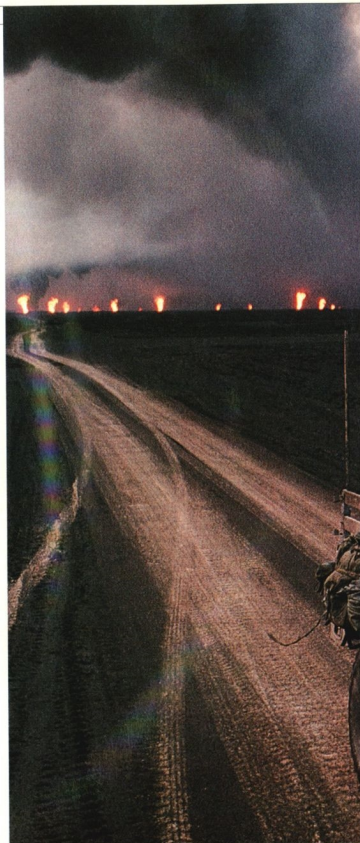
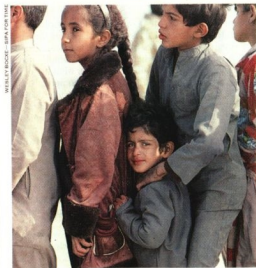
These days, it is more of the same. It is Gnehm who has prodded the government into revamping its food-distribution system; Gnehm who watches over the American troops trying hard to minimize Kuwaiti retaliation against those who collaborated with the Iraqis; and Gnehm who has insisted that the government's ministers cease promising the imminent return of services, something they are weeks if not months away from accomplishing. In a particularly significant triumph shortly before he welcomed home Kuwait's Emir last Thursday, Gnehm persuaded the electrical-repair teams to begin toiling around the clock; previously, they were putting in eight-hour days. "Imagine," says another Western diplomat, "Kuwait is falling apart, and something that obvious has to be counted as a diplomatic coup."

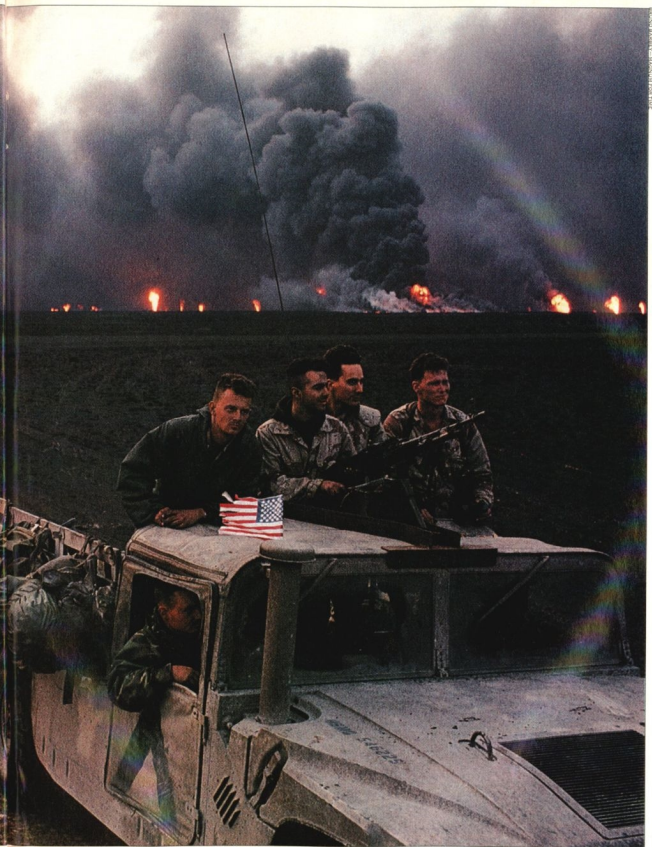
Through it all, Gnehm speaks softly and smiles constantly. What he knows is simple: most governments are like most people. An outsider can educate and elucidate—and even kick butt. But in the end, no government can be saved from itself.

KUWAIT

Legacy Of the Ravager

The pall cast over Kuwait continued last week to darken lives in the freed country. A humvee (the modern version of the jeep) on a makeshift track carries U.S. Marines over oil-covered sands; Kuwaitis eager to leave the country for a break or to see relatives, hand passports and other documents to officials; children line up for food distributed by the American military.







BRUNO BARBEY—MAGNUM FOR TIME

Ancient and modern alike, the mainstays of Kuwaiti life are still marked by the occupiers' devastation. Smoke from fires set by Saddam Hussein's soldiers as they pulled out turns day into night for camels crossing the desert near the Burgan oil field, the nation's largest, south of Kuwait City; a Kuwaiti tries to determine what is still working amid the wreckage left behind by Iraqi occupiers at the Doha electric power plant near the city.



PHIL GELATY—PERRY

World



A toast before dinner: wine for the Secretary of State; orange juice for Israel's Shamir

MIDDLE EAST

Ready, Set—Crawl

Baker sets out on a race for peace in the wake of the gulf war, but so far he's the only one who has crossed the starting line

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

A return to normal in the Middle East would be an unqualified disaster. Yet, as U.S. Secretary of State James Baker toured the area last week, signs multiplied that after the shock of the gulf war the region might already be slipping back into its usual catastrophic habits. Renewed violence claimed 12 lives—six Israelis, six Arab guerrillas—in the 24 hours prior to Baker's arrival in Jerusalem. Israeli legislators asserted that the government plans to build as many as 11,000 new apartments for Jewish settlers in occupied territories, continuing what looks like a de facto annexation of the West Bank and Gaza. And in Damascus, Baker and his hosts confirmed a sign of a new arms race: Syria had just received from North Korea a shipment of 24 Soviet-built Scud-C missiles, which have bigger warheads and are more accurate than Iraq's Scud-Bs.

It was precisely to get some momentum going toward a regional peace settlement before the area relapses totally into its old hatreds that Baker set out on his tour. In talks with officials from nine Arab nations and the leaders of Israel, the Secretary pressed on his hosts the necessity for new thinking and a quick start. Moreover, though he proclaimed himself to be mainly listening, Baker did put

forward some ideas for a fresh approach.

A chicken-and-egg problem has long stymied Middle East diplomacy: Arab states refuse to recognize Israel until it deals with the Palestinians; Israel refuses to deal with the Palestinians until Arab states recognize its right to exist. To get around that, Baker advanced a two-track proposal: parallel contacts between Israel and Arab governments and between Israel and Palestinian representatives.

Further, he suggested that they start with small steps or "confidence-building measures." Israel, for example, could reopen West Bank universities that have been closed for three years and ease its harsh policies of arresting and deporting suspected Palestinian troublemakers. The Arabs, in return, could end their formal states of belligerency against Israel (Saudi Arabia, Syria and several other countries are officially still at war with what they term the "Zionist entity") and call off their boycott of foreign companies that do business with the Jewish state. The idea is that if each side could overcome its fear of going first and being snubbed, concessions might prompt reciprocal concessions and build some momentum toward peace.

There is just enough of a new atmosphere that this approach might at least be considered. In the wake of Iraq's defeat, the clout and credibility of the U.S. is at an

all-time high, and it is no longer being offset by Soviet troublemaking; Moscow has neither the power nor the inclination to keep backing the most radical Arab elements. Saudi Arabia promises to come out of its shell and take a more active role in regional diplomacy, and Syria, a radical state now bidding for increased influence without its customary Soviet support, is talking about a new commitment to peace. Israel, needing massive aid from Washington to help resettle Soviet Jewish immigrants, is newly vulnerable to pressure. For all these reasons, nobody replied with a flat no to Baker's ideas. Neither side wants to take the onus of torpedoing a peace effort before it is properly launched.

But every time the talk got around to specifics, Baker's hosts retreated to their usual dug-in positions. For example, 10 Palestinian nationalist leaders from the occupied territories insisted to Baker that the Palestine Liberation Organization, which Israel spurns as a terrorist gang, must remain their sole representative. Said Faisal Hussein, the most prominent Palestinian leader in Jerusalem: "We told him we here because [P.L.O. Chairman] Yasser Arafat told us to be here."

The biggest problem is that Israel shows no sign of yielding an inch of the West Bank, Gaza or the Golan Heights. The crippling of Israel's most formidable foe, Iraq, does not seem to have enhanced Jerusalem's sense of security; Israelis are still worried about turning over any territory to the Palestinians, who loudly cheered Saddam Hussein's Scud attacks on Tel Aviv. A new poll shows the public split right down the middle on the idea of trading land for peace: 49% for, 49% against. And no government is in sight that would even try to break the stalemate.

Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir cannot pay anything more than lip service even to his own 1989 plan for elections to choose Palestinian leaders, who would negotiate some form of limited autonomy. Otherwise his government might well be toppled by rightist members who want to annex the territories outright. The Labor Party, which accepts the idea of land for peace, has never had less popular support. So new elections might well return a government even further to the right than the present Likud-led coalition.

Baker thus was only being realistic when he asserted, "We are dealing with the most intractable problem, I think, that there is." He professed nonetheless to be encouraged even by the slight progress he made. Said the Secretary: "You have to crawl before you walk, and you have to walk before you run." But how much time will there be to crawl or walk before the Middle East returns to a normality spelled d-e-a-d-l-o-o-k—if not w-a-r?

—With reporting by Jon D. Hull/
Jerusalem, Scott MacLeod/Damascus and
Christopher Ogden with Baker

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World Notes



The Birmingham Six celebrate their liberty outside the court

BRITAIN

The Wheels Of Justice

They had spent a quarter to a third of their lives behind bars, convicted on faulty evidence, but finally last week the Birmingham Six were free. Sentenced 15 years ago to life in prison for 21 deaths caused by two 1974 Birmingham pub bombings carried out in the name of the Irish Republican Army, the six Irishmen won their liberty after Britain's Court of Appeal at last concurred with their contention that the case against them was a sham.

Last month prosecutors were forced to discard most of their evidence against the six, now 42 to 60. Tests that pur-

ported to show nitroglycerin traces on the hands of two of the men were proved to be unreliable. And confessions by four defendants, which they said had been coerced, were put into question when it was learned that police had doctored their notes of interviews with the accused.

The Birmingham affair is the third major terrorism case in 1½ years in which evidence compiled by authorities has been found wanting. Now the system that locked the six men up is itself on trial. "It must never happen again," Home Secretary Kenneth Baker declared as he announced the formation of a Royal Commission to examine the country's criminal-justice system, in particular the appeals process, which had earlier failed the Birmingham Six. ■



A fatalistic view of apartheid life

SOUTH AFRICA

Renters No More

For decades, South Africa's policy of apartheid has rested upon a set of rigid laws reserving 87% of the land for the nation's white minority and requiring strict housing segregation. Last week

President F.W. de Klerk introduced legislation that would repeal all racial restrictions on land ownership and permit all South Africans to live where they choose.

The right-wing Conservative Party accused the government of having "capitulated" even before it began negotiations with the black African National Congress on the country's future. The Congress, for its part, blasted the program for failing to compensate blacks who lost their land and for codifying "the current state of the dispossessed under the cover of free-market principles." Most white South Africans, though, seemed to support the new policy, believing it will lead to the lifting of international economic sanctions against their country. ■

AUSTRIA

Guilty as Charged

The crime was one of the most spectacular—and most tangled—in postwar Austrian history. It riveted the attention of the public for 14 years. Last week, after a trial that lasted 13 months, the saga of the ill-fated freighter *Lucona* finally came to an end when Udo Proksch was convicted of murder and fraud and was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

Proksch, 56, the owner of Demel, the famous Vienna pastry shop, had been accused of engineering a bold scheme in which he loaded the 12,000-ton Panama-registered *Lucona* with scrap metal, insured the cargo for \$18.5 million as "nuclear processing equipment," then had the ship blown up after it set sail from Italy. Six

people died when the vessel sank off the Maldivian Islands in January 1977.

The fraud was uncovered when a high-tech deep-sea search found the scrap metal and concluded that the *Lucona* had been deliberately scuttled. Two former government ministers were forced to resign after being accused of involvement in the scandal. Proksch plans to appeal. ■



Udo Proksch after sentencing

GERMANY

Rescue from Retribution

All across Eastern Europe, former communist leaders have been called to account for abuses they committed during their years of power. Romania's Nicolae Ceausescu was summarily shot; others have been imprisoned or put on trial. But Erich Honecker may escape retribution. Soviet authorities last week secretly flew the former East German leader to Moscow, beyond the reach of a

German warrant charging him with manslaughter.

Officially, the ailing Honecker, 78, was moved for "humanitarian reasons"—treatment of circulatory and kidney problems. But the German government charged that the Soviets violated international law by removing an indicted man from legal jurisdiction. "We cannot and will not accept what has happened," said Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. "The German government expects him to be brought back."

Honecker is charged with issuing a "shoot to kill" order

that resulted in the death of scores of East Germans attempting to cross the border to the West. Before his flight to the Soviet Union, he was under Soviet protection at a military hospital in Beelitz, south of Berlin, where court officers were prevented from serving the arrest warrant. Despite the protests, Honecker's lawyer believes the charges will be dropped and he probably will not return to Germany. ■



Honecker at Beelitz last year



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FEW THINGS WILL
MAKE YOU
WANT TO TAKE
THEM OFF.

Bugle Boy Co.

Monsieur Mickey

Euro Disneyland is on schedule, but with a distinct French accent

By BARBARA RUDOLPH

No people can match the French when it comes to fierce protection of their culture—except perhaps the people from the Walt Disney Co. Children everywhere know Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and the dozens of other goofy characters that make up the Disney pantheon. With a meticulousness that is a hallmark of their success, Disney executives protect and promote their patented image. But as construction proceeds on Euro Disneyland, which is scheduled to open outside Paris next spring, the French have begun to ask themselves how the presence of Disney's irresistibly American village will affect French culture. Many fear that the theme park will corrupt France's prized national identity by creating what one Parisian theater director predicts will be a "cultural Chernobyl."

To allay those fears, some language purists in the French government have been going all out in recent weeks to make the project seem as French as it can be. As a result, Mickey and Donald are developing French accents. Paris, for example, is lobbying for French names on attractions and rides, "pommes frites" instead of "French fries" on restaurant menus. Thus the centerpiece of every Disney park—the fairy tale castle—will be known at Euro Disneyland as Le Château de la Belle au Bois Dormant (although a hot dog will still be a hot dog).

The skirmishes are instructive examples of the resistance that American pop culture meets from intellectuals in some of the countries where it is consumed most avidly by mass audiences, but in the overall scheme of things, they are minor. Euro Disneyland is a \$4.2 billion project, now nearly six years in the making. No one doubts that Mickey Mouse and his clan will claim their new home on the Continent, probably close to the April 1992 target date. Disney executives predict 11 million visits a year to the theme park, which is being built on former beet and sunflower fields in the suburban development of Marne-La-Vallée, 20 miles east of the capital. Last year 50 million tourists visited France, spending more than \$21



billion; many of those tourists are likely to stop by the new Disneyland.

For its latest venture, Disney is orchestrating its usual mix of hoopla and down-home family fun. Euro Disneyland will feature an amusement park with 29 attractions, and six hotels with 5,200 rooms designed by such top architects as Michael Graves and Robert A.M. Stern. There will also be a 138-acre Davy Crockett campground and an 18-hole golf course, not to mention 150,000 trees sprinkled over the Disneyscape. Construction is more than halfway along. Among the park's high-

lights: a 60-ft.-high Swiss Family Tree House and Disney's trademark Big Thunder Mountain, a roller-coaster ride with Gold Rush-era motifs.

While it does not rain much at the Disney parks in California and Florida, it certainly does in northern France. Euro Disneyland's designers are building special covered waiting areas for the comfort of visitors standing in line to buy tickets, and will provide a variety of audiovisual entertainment to help them pass the time.

By 1995, Disney expects to spend an additional \$3 billion to build a convention

center, a second golf course and several more hotels with 13,000 rooms. The company also plans a Disney-MGM movie studio and possibly a European science park like Florida's Epcot Center.

This is Disney's second venture outside the U.S. Eight years ago, Japan's Disneyland opened in the Tokyo suburb of Urayasu; for the fiscal year that ends this month, it should post revenues of more than \$1 billion. The Japanese Disneyland was

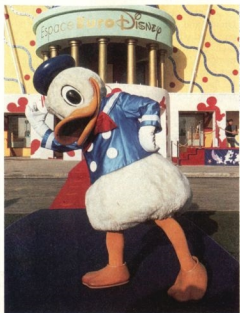
as Pirates of the Caribbean and Adventureland, will be called by their English name.

The 500-page pact between the French government and the Walt Disney Co. stipulates a 49% ownership stake in Euro Disneyland for the U.S. firm, with the remaining 51% of the shares held by investors. Euro Disneyland shares will be traded on the Paris Bourse. Disney will retain operational control of the facility. As part of the deal, the government is lending Disney \$920 million at a

for the arrival of Euro Disneyland nearby. Says Mayor Philippe Mancel: "One realizes it's a lost cause to be against Euro Disneyland. Once Disney starts paying taxes, on a per capita basis, Serris will be one of the richest villages in France."

Disney executives can expect to whistle while they work, since the deal is already showing handsome returns. The firm is putting up only \$160 million in equity. Investors stepped forward with an additional \$1.2 billion, and banks and the government lent \$2.6 billion. When the gates open, Disney will take 10% of admission revenues and 5% of food and merchandise receipts. It will also receive 49% of all profits. Estimated annual gross receipts for the first year: about \$1.12 billion.

Big Thunder Mountain and Phantom Manor begin to rise, left, in a field near Paris as a construction crew builds the new Frontierland; Disney ambassador Donald Duck, right, welcomes visitors to the future site of the theme park; in Paris, French protesters oppose what they fear will be the obliteration of their culture by the irresistibly all-American Disney village. Their banner reads WE DO NOT WANT TO BE EURO DISNEY'S INDIANS.



meant to be thoroughly American, though: most signs are in English, and only one of the 30 restaurants serves Japanese food.

But for the French, injecting at least some European flavor into the enterprise has become a cause célèbre. Among the European accommodations, signs will be bilingual, and possibly multilingual, and plenty of French cuisine will accompany American fast food. Disney officials like to point out that one attraction, Discoveryland, is inspired in part by the works of French science-fiction writer Jules Verne. Disney also agreed that only its major attractions, such

remarkably low 7.85% interest rate. Disney has agreed to use European firms for 90% of its goods and services, and will pay for various roads to be built near the complex.

For France, the payoff is plain: as many as 30,000 new jobs will be created by Disney, and tourists will spend millions of francs on French businesses as part of their travels to Euro Disneyland. In the neighborhood of Marne-La-Vallée, 12,000 houses and apartments will be built, along with new schools and stores. The tiny (pop. 925) village of Serris, many of whose residents are elderly or retired, is bracing itself

On the subject of the French bureaucracy, Disney executives sound decidedly less bullish. For example, when Disney executives requested an extension of local water service to their park area, they had to seek about a dozen official approvals and clearances. To help navigate this sensitive thicket, Disney hired local consultants familiar with the rules of the game. Says Euro Disneyland president Robert Fitzpatrick: "Form is very important in France, much more so than in the U.S. You have to be sure you contact the right person and don't overlook someone."

For the moment, curiosity seekers at Euro Disneyland must confine themselves to a preview center, where displays and models of the coming attractions are on view, along with a brief promotional film. At the souvenir shop next door, a simple sweatshirt, silk-screened with a ring of European flags encircling Mickey Mouse's face, sells for \$39. A fast-food restaurant specializes in Texas-style chili.

In the coming months, Disney will be hiring more and more employees, known in the corporate lingo as "cast members." They will have to abide by the company's strict appearance codes: men cannot have mustaches, beards or exposed tattoos, nor can they wear jeans. Women cannot wear any obtrusive jewelry or have "unusually colored" hair or long fingernails. "We're after a conservative, professional look," says Disney vice president Thorolf Degelmann. The company is looking for multilingual men and women from all over Europe who will be able to communicate with the non-French Europeans who are expected to visit the park.

French applicants will most likely oblige Disney's notions of a clean-cut appearance. But will their acquiescence spell the beginning of the end of French culture as we know it? Only the most virulent cultural chauvinists think so. Says Christian Cardon, head of the interministerial government delegation that is supervising the Disney project: "French culture cannot be threatened by Disney. Just because an amusement park will open, university students are not going to stop studying Sartre."

—Reported by

Edward M. Gomez/Paris

The Treaty of Heathrow

U.S. and British officials divvy up airline rights, adding routes and risks on both sides of the Atlantic

The negotiations must have been successful: each side thought the other guy got the better of the deal. That was the reaction among industry officials last week when U.S. and British negotiators finally completed a new transatlantic airlines accord, settling a major dispute over access to London's Heathrow Airport and for the moment keeping poor Pan Am alive by the skin of its fuselage.

The battle was joined last fall when Pan Am, surviving only by auctioning off pieces of itself, agreed to sell its valuable gates and landing slots at Heathrow to United Airlines for \$290 million. Ailing TWA soon followed suit, accepting a \$445 million offer for its spots at Heathrow from American Airlines. British Airways, the world's largest international carrier (20 million passengers last year) took one look at the two giants setting up shop at the next terminal and squawked. Says Matthew Stainer, a London airlines analyst: "It's only U.S. competition was Pan Am and TWA. Both are good people to compete with because they are walking disaster areas." British officials pointed

out that the bilateral treaty governing air travel between the two countries did not allow Pan Am and TWA to sell their Heathrow rights to another carrier.

As part of the deal struck last week, United and American will be allowed to go ahead with their plans. American will then control 17% of the transatlantic market. United will have 14%, while BA has only 11%. United also wins the right to fly to several European cities from London. U.S. officials agreed to restrain

the two carriers at first, limiting them this year to the number of flights to London previously approved for Pan Am and TWA. In another concession, Washington will allow a second British carrier, most likely Virgin Atlantic Airways, to fly from Heathrow to the U.S. Virgin reacted to this news by slashing all its transatlantic fares 15%. For its part, Pan Am gets to stay in business, at least for now. Already in Chapter 11 proceedings, the carrier might have been grounded without the cash that will enable it to meet a \$100 million debt payment.

British Airways won several major concessions for ceding ground to such formidable new competition. Perhaps most important, it will be the only foreign carrier allowed to carry passengers to the U.S. without passing through its home country.

In practical terms, this means that BA will have an edge on other European transatlantic carriers. BA also won fly-through rights, which means that it will be permitted to land in the U.S., pick up other passengers and continue to South America, the Caribbean or even Asia. The profitable English giant may expand its U.S. web by taking advantage of new Department of Transportation rules that allow foreign carriers to own as much as 49% of U.S. carriers. Reportedly tops on its shopping list: troubled USAir.

—By Janice Castro.
Reported by Anne Constable/London and Jerome Cramer/Washington



Travelers waiting for Pan Am flights in London

Excess Baggage Is Not a Firing Offense

The same day in 1989 that American Airlines gave flight attendant Sherri Cappello her 25-year pin, they fired her for being 11 lbs. overweight. Last week Cappello, now the vice president of American's flight-attendants union, watched with satisfaction as the airline was forced to lift the limits that had cost her a job. After lawsuits by the union and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, American agreed to revise its standards. Under the settlement, the company's 1959 weight requirements will be relaxed, and employees will be able to weigh more as they age. Violators will be required to lose just 2 lbs. a month rather than 1½ lbs. a week. If they fail, they will be given jobs within the company rather than fired.

The war over weight discrimination in the workplace is far from over, however. Studies indicate that fat bias cuts a wide swath through U.S. industry, from executives to waitresses. And in most cases, no laws are broken. The problem is especially acute in service industries, where employees meet the public. According to Esther Rothblum, a psychology professor at the University of Vermont, "If two people, one fat and one thin, walk into a company with the same qualifications, the heavier one will get a more negative reception."

In a case currently before the Supreme Court, Sharon Russell, a 335-lb. nursing stu-

dent at Salve Regina College in Newport, R.I., was thrown out of school because she failed to lose 2 lbs. a week. Now a nurse in Florida, Russell, 26, sued Salve Regina and won a \$44,000 jury verdict. But the school appealed, arguing that her obesity kept Russell, an A student, from completing her clinical requirements. Says Salve Regina's lawyer Steven Snow: "There are certain physical requirements you have to fulfill to be a nurse. I don't know of any blind people who are nurses. Doctors don't write charts in Braille."

The dispute at American was essentially about attractiveness. But certain employees, such as fire fighters and police officers, are monitored because their jobs demand physical fitness. Many employers contend that overweight workers drive up medical costs. Says U-Haul International spokesperson Melora Felts Foley: "The people who are responsible for the majority of skyrocketing health costs are those who use tobacco and those who have weight problems." But some health experts disagree. Says Dr. Albert Stunkard, an obesity specialist at the University of Pennsylvania: "The extent to which overweight people have difficulty in obtaining work goes far beyond what can be justified by medical data and must be due to discrimination." American's new standards may help tip the scales in favor of equal opportunities.

—By Andrea Sachs



Weight listed: Cappello, left

Business Notes



Workers mopping up their employer's oleaginous embarrassment

LITIGATION

Exxon Stops The Flow

The mammoth slick that oozed out of the *Exxon Valdez* tanker into Alaska's Prince William Sound two years ago may have been tough on otters and seagulls, but it was black gold for the legal profession. The 1989 disaster generated more than 300 lawsuits. Last week the largest was settled barely a month before it was due to go to trial, as Exxon reached an agreement with Alaska and the U.S. The cost: a guilty plea to three criminal charges that the company negligently discharged crude oil into navigable waters and

killed migratory wildlife, and fines that may eventually total \$1.1 billion.

Thus Exxon's oil slick, which holds the North American record for volume (11 million gal.), cleanup costs (\$2.5 billion) and bad publicity, has now set a new high mark for penalty payouts—almost 40 times as great as any previous spill. Nonetheless, one critic denounced the settlement as an inadequate “back-room deal,” while company chairman Lawrence G. Rawl declared that it “will not have a noticeable effect” on Exxon's financial results. But Attorney General Dick Thornburgh said it “sends a very important signal that there are criminal consequences for this kind of activity.” ■

CITIES

Unconventional Tactics

When the Southern Christian Leadership Conference failed to persuade the Dallas city council to stop opposing a plan for increased minority representation, the local chapter resorted to tougher methods: it mounted a boycott last week to deter tourists and conventions from coming to the city. The strategy, though hardly new, is gaining in popularity. Increasingly, national groups and associations have sought to punish and pressure cities by moving their conventions and meetings elsewhere.

The city of Phoenix has lost

some 60 gatherings, worth \$37 million, following last November's rejection of a Martin Luther King Jr. holiday by Arizona voters. Miami is still suffering from a boycott by blacks incensed over the city's snubbing last summer of Nelson Mandela. Economic damage to date: \$5.4 million. When the San Francisco board of supervisors declared the city a sanctuary for Persian Gulf war resisters, it drew bitter complaints from hundreds of angry convention managers and tourists. The controversial tactic seems to be having some effect. Faced with the possible loss of the Super Bowl in 1993, the Arizona legislature last week agreed to put the King holiday back on the election ballot in 1992. ■

UNIONS

Shuffling the Chrysler Board

Chrysler Corp.'s bland announcement last week that it was dropping five of its 18 directors in order to “improve efficiency and effectiveness as well as reduce cost” didn't fool industry observers. The unusual pedigree of one of those directors—Owen Bieber, president of the United Auto Workers union—signaled other, less technocratic motives. Most bets are that the willful U.A.W. boss, a board member since 1984, was dropped because of his frequent opposition to management, led by its equally willful chairman, Lee Iacocca. “There were a lot of 17-to-1 votes,” Bieber said last week.

There was also more than a little friction. Bieber had routinely voted against raises for top executives. In 1989 Chrysler management enraged the union boss by concealing from him plans to close a Detroit plant.

Bieber's removal from the board, effective in May, marks the end of an experiment in union-management cooperation, which began with the appointment of the U.A.W.'s then president, Douglas Fraser, during Chrysler's dark days of 1980. Chrysler's board shuffle also sparked talk that the troubled company was streamlining itself for a merger with a foreign car company. Possible suitors: Honda, Fiat and Mitsubishi. Whatever Iacocca decides to do, he will have one less dissenting vote to worry about. ■



Bieber faults Chrysler for fail

MEXICO

Precious Glut

At \$4.11, the price of a troy ounce of silver is down more than \$1 since late last August. With an international glut and depressed prices rubbing up against high production costs,

Mexico, the world's largest silver producer, has had to close down more than 50 mines this year. Hardest hit are the states of Zacatecas and Guanajuato, where silver mining is “on the verge of collapse,” according to José Valdés, president of the Guanajuato Miners' Association. Officials expect this year's national output to be 63 million

troy ounces, down 11% from 1990.

To put the shine back in the tarnished industry, the Mexican Chamber of Mines is considering minting 20,000-peso silver coins (worth about \$6.75). Another idea is to lower the controlled price for the local handicrafts market. But silver-smiths say such an action would have little effect at the retail level, since silver makes up only a small part of their overall costs. ■



Mexico's latest crisis: less gold for its silver

Press

Captain Bob's Amazing Eleventh-Hour Rescue

After a bitter five-month strike, the New York Daily News is taken over by a wily British press lord, who may need to work his most remarkable salvage yet

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

When American newspapers were in their heyday after World War II, the brassy, pictorial New York *Daily News* led all the rest. Its 1947 circulation of 2.4 million daily and 4.7 million Sunday was bigger than any daily achieves today, although the U.S. population has nearly doubled. But like many now vanished media giants, the *News* gradually succumbed to its own success: with profits pouring in, time and again, management agreed to union demands for unneeded jobs, overtime guarantees and restrictive work rules, rather than risk a strike. By the 1980s, featherbedding was so extreme that despite annual revenues approaching \$425 million, losses averaged \$1 million a month. At least twice, the parent Tribune Co. in Chicago explored a shutdown. Both times the plan foundered on the immediate price tag: more than \$100 million, mainly for severance pay and pensions.

Last week, after having lost almost \$250 million on the *News* since 1980, half of it within the past year, the Tribune Co. finally gave up. To end a sometimes violent five-month strike, during which the paper kept publishing but virtually all revenue disappeared, the *News* was "sold" to British-based media tycoon Robert Maxwell, 67. In truth, the "buyer" was paid \$60 million just to take the paper off the Tribune Co.'s hands. The bulk of that will go to buyouts

and severance pay. To add to the Tribune Co.'s pain, in just six days Maxwell extracted \$72 million in union concessions, more than the old owners had demanded in provoking the strike. Union leaders gave up 800 of 2,600 jobs, accepted a one-year wage freeze and agreed to rule changes that for many workers may amount to a pay cut. The one thing they did not concede was what the Tribune Co. most intransigently sought: management's right to determine how many jobs were needed, rather than having staff levels guaranteed by contract.

The message was clear. Far from being grateful for the time and money the Tribune Co. had invested, the fed-up employees preferred almost anyone else. Not that Maxwell is just anyone. He is both a buccaneer billionaire and a professed socialist, renowned for a blend of macho charm and armored-tank aggressiveness. A British union leader once ruefully observed, "He could charm the birds out of the trees, then shoot them." Although decorated by British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery for World War II valor and elected in 1964 as a Labour Member of Parliament, Maxwell was involved in a corporate takeover battle that led Britain's Department of Trade and Industry to conclude in 1971 that he could not "be relied on to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly quoted company." The rebuff hardly stopped him: his empire embraces more than 450 companies, with interests

ranging from dailies in Budapest and Nairobi to soccer teams in Britain and a pharmaceutical house in Israel.

George McDonald, head of the allied newspaper unions in New York City, conceded he had been warned by a union official in London that "Maxwell is a rogue... watch out for him." Instead, McDonald and colleagues found themselves praising the new owner—who at week's end still required formal rank-and-file ratifications—as a "tough negotiator who understands problems fast." They enthused about how straightforward and plainspoken he was, how quick to extend a hand to shake on a proposed deal. Having reduced the options to Maxwell or nothing, they did not chal-



TAKING A FLYER Master of a far-flung domain, Robert Maxwell, astride a London rooftop, now plays to a Manhattan audience

lenge his characterization of the cuts as "historical, unprecedented and necessary to guarantee the return of the *Daily News* to the streets of New York."

If anything, the question is whether the cuts will prove enough to keep the *News* there. Says newspaper analyst John Morton: "Maxwell has made a very risky move." During the strike, which led to truck burnings, beatings and intimidation of news dealers, the unions so effectively discouraged sales of the paper that the Tribune Co. practically gave it away. It let hundreds of hawkers, many of them homeless, buy stacks of 100 copies for \$2.50 to peddle at 35¢ each.

This combination of controversy and unmeasurable circulation (down from 1.1 million before the strike) drove away advertisers, most of whom increased their exposure in the competing tabloids, the





MAXWELL'S EMPIRE

Selected list of wholly and partially owned interests



Pergamon Press (books)
Macmillan Publishing (books)
Marquis Who's Who
P.F. Collier (encyclopedias)
Official Airline Guides
Keter Publishing (books)

British football teams: Derby County, Manchester United, Oxford United, Reading

MTV Europe

Maxwell AD/SAT
(satellite advertising)

Prentice Hall
Information Services

Pergamon AGB (market research)



Berlitz International
(language schools)

Nimbus Records

Magyar Hirlap, Esti Hirlap
(Hungarian newspapers)

Berliner Verlag (German
newspaper publisher)

Ma'ariv (Israeli newspaper)

Kenya Times Media Trust
(newspaper publisher)

Maxwell Newspaper Publishing	
European	DAILY NEWS
Mirror Group Newspapers	
Daily Mirror	Sporting Life
Sunday Mirror	Daily Record (Glasgow)
Weekender	Sunday Mail (Glasgow)
People	

Total Revenues* **\$2 billion**

Total Debt* **\$3 billion**

* public holdings

scandal-minded *Post* and the more pious New York *Newsday*, a city-oriented version of the dominant paper on suburban Long Island. While many plan to return, now that the *News* has union blessing, some advertisers have cut budgets in a slumping economy, and others are concerned about when, or if, the *News* can rebound to pre-strike levels. Its rivals, which raided columnists and the syndicated supplement *Parade*, have upped their combined circulation by 300,000. By some estimates, *News* losses were twice that. If past strikes are any indication, a sizable percentage of readers who got out of the daily habit will never resume it with any paper.

But hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers remain loyal to the sassy *Daily News*, which over the years has been celebrated in song (by Frank Loesser and Phil Ochs, among others) and screenplay (its Art Deco building on Manhattan's 42nd Street was reporter Clark Kent's workplace in the *Superman* movies). For the tabloid's fans, Maxwell's moxie may prove

congenial. He has shown a shrewd feel for the city's odd blend of worldliness and parochialism. Playing to Manhattanites' penchant for embracing almost any outsider who professes himself instantly smitten with their metropolis, Maxwell arrived by yacht to start negotiations and, before stepping into a waiting Cadillac, spoke the tantric words, "I love New York." Recalling the tradition of the *News* as "the people's paper," Maxwell said, "I want it to be, first and foremost, the voice of New York for the ordinary man. It will assist the town with its fiscal problems. I would also hope that the *News* would come to be seen as an important voice internationally to tell the world how America feels." Maxwell insists that the *News* will "certainly not" install a staple of his beetle-browed London *Daily Mirror* (circ. 3 million)—cheesequake photos of women.

Among Maxwell's "secret admirers" is his new rival, owner Peter Kalikow of the *Post*, who says, "I like his background. His kind of rags-to-riches story happens in

America a lot, but not in England." Born Jan Ludvik Hoch of Jewish peasant parents in Czechoslovakia, the future Maxwell left school after just three years. At 15 he joined the Czech underground. The Nazis shot his father and sent his mother to her death in a concentration camp. Wounded and captured in France, he escaped to Britain and joined its army at 16. After serving in post-war Berlin as a press officer (he speaks at least eight languages fluently), Maxwell acquired a small company in 1949 that he built into Pergamon Press, an important publisher of scientific and educational books.

As he expanded in the print business, many firms he launched or resuscitated were obscure, technical in orientation or unimportant. But since May 1990, he has spent an estimated \$40 million launching the *European*, an English-language newspaper to compete with the *International Herald Tribune*. A self-made man who is reportedly Britain's ninth richest, with a net worth of \$2 billion, Maxwell has earned wide esteem in London's business community. He is robustly satirized, however, by the leftist *Private Eye* in the comic strip *Captain Bob*. Among his fiercest critics are former employees. One claims Maxwell is so manipulative that he scheduled simultaneous lunches with former Secretary of State George Shultz and Paramount studio owner Martin Davis in different rooms at the same restaurant, shuttling between them on the pretext of taking business calls.

For the next six months, Maxwell pledges, he will stay in New York City and serve as *Daily News* publisher—a bold step, since associates say his far-flung empire is so chaotically structured that only he has a clear sense of it. He believes in hands-on management of newspapers. After launching the London *Daily News* in 1987 and folding it within five months in the wake of reported losses of \$50 million, he vowed never again to leave management of a daily to its staff. At the *Daily Mirror*, Maxwell sometimes wrote editorials, and says he may do so again at the *Daily News*. The downside of his intensity is that he tends to lose passion for projects and move on to new obsessions.

Some London business analysts question whether his interest in the *Daily News* will outlast the first heady gust of publicity. Others think he is determined to succeed where his archrival, Australian-born media mogul Rupert Murdoch, failed. Murdoch, who bested Maxwell in London to buy the *Sun*, *News of the World* and the august *Times*, burst onto the New York scene by acquiring the tabloid *Post* in 1976. During the next 12 years, Murdoch lost \$150 million before being legally compelled to sell because he also owned a local TV station.

In one regard, at least, Maxwell starts with a huge advantage. The first \$60 million he loses will be someone else's money. —Reported by Helen Gibson/London and Leslie Whitaker/New York

Basketball's Most Deadly Fish

Even legal battles can't keep "Tark the Shark" Tarkanian out of the premier tournament of the college game

By **SALLY B. DONNELLY** LAS VEGAS

In college basketball, March is not the month of lions or lambs, but of sharks. For the ninth consecutive year, coach Jerry ("Tark the Shark") Tarkanian has led his University of Nevada at Las Vegas Runnin' Rebels squad into the National Collegiate Athletic Association men's basketball tournament. UNLV, which compiled a crushing 30-0 regular-season record, was the pretourney favorite to win its second-straight national championship.

But that attainment, if it happens, may be almost irrelevant. The major surprise was that UNLV could actually show up. For 17 years, Tarkanian has been involved with numerous NCAA investigations for rules violations that range from illegal recruiting to grade fixing in order to maintain the eligibility of his players. Many of the accusations have stuck, yet in one case Tarkanian fought the NCAA all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court and won. Last fall, in order to avoid punishing current players for recruiting violations committed by UNLV in the 1970s, the NCAA lifted a ban that prohibited the school from playing in the 1991 tournament. The team will take its punishment in 1992.

Tarkanian's continuing presence in the tourney is testimony to his clout as major-college basketball's winningest coach, despite the fact that he is also one of the sport's most controversial figures. The chief reason why he continues to appear in the NCAA knockout event is also the focus of much of the controversy: his 30-year-old coaching system, built on finding and nurturing players that other schools have passed up. This year eight of 14 UNLV players, including All-American forward Larry Johnson, came to UNLV from junior colleges or as transfers. Once on the Rebels team, they are welded into a high-speed, aggressive machine.

The Rebels' combative, fast-and-loose style of play is a reflection, of sorts, of Tarkanian's approach to the NCAA's regulations. The coach's 1986 recruitment of New York City prep star Lloyd Daniels, who attended four high schools but never managed to graduate, is an example of his

pursuit of a questionable player. (In the end, Daniels never wore a UNLV uniform.) Tarkanian points to the likes of Johnson and current guard Greg Anthony as signs that his system works.

In recruiting, Tarkanian focuses on the kind of kid he was himself: hardworking,

seasons at the community-college level, then moved up to California State University, Long Beach, in 1968. His reputation as a winner, and coach of winners, steadily soared. He made the NCAA Final Four for the first time in 1977. He earned his nickname at UNLV, where visiting teams referred to the small arena as the "shark tank," where the Runnin' Rebels and the crowd chewed up opponents.

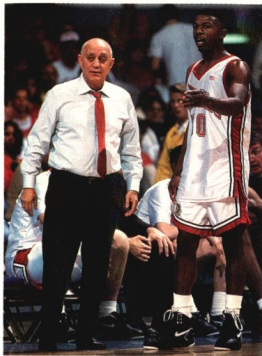
Tarkanian's outreach to talented but overlooked players began in his community-college years, and so did his solicitude for less fortunate players. Joe Barnes, who came to Riverside after being cut from his

school's team in Detroit, recalls barbecues and parties at the Tarkanian house. But these days it appears as if Tarkanian's players enjoy a bit more than ribs and sodas. At a UNLV team practice last week there was no cookout, but there were plenty of fancy grilles on the player-driven Mercedes and BMWs in the gym parking lot.

A small, balding man with dark, deep-set eyes, Tarkanian strikes a strong contrast with his tall, predominantly black charges. But his sense of easy authority over the team is equally marked. Says Lonnie Wright, a UNLV forward in the early 1970s: "Coach Tarkanian is the first strong male figure many of his players have ever had, and they have a great deal of respect for him. The Father Flanagan image is not too far from the truth."

Tarkanian admits he is extremely good at "communicating" with his players and at motivating them. "I start with the first minute I meet a kid. If he can trust you from the outset, he'll run that extra mile for you." The players can, and do: in 30 years of college coaching, Tarkanian has never had a losing season.

He has become something of a Las Vegas institution. He has his own retail sports shops, is a frequent TV commentator and counts show-biz entertainers like Frank Sinatra and Dionne Warwick among his friends. His total earnings are estimated at \$500,000 a year. Despite his wealth, there is talk every year—and especially this year—that Tarkanian is considering a move to the pros. With the NCAA continuing to pursue what Tarkanian calls its "vendetta" against him, the National Basketball Association might be a very attractive option. But close acquaintances say such a move at the moment is unlikely. Even with tournament suspension looming in 1992, the Shark hasn't finished being the biggest prowler in his college pond. ■



The coach on his home court, attacking prey

STATS ON THE SHARK

Career wins: 807
 Career losses: 146
 Appearances at NCAA tournaments: 16
 NCAA championships: 1
 NCAA infractions: 17

aggressive, looking for the main chance. Tarkanian was born to working-class Armenian parents in Euclid, Ohio. His father died when he was 12, and the family moved to Pasadena, Calif., in the 1940s. Tarkanian was already planning a coaching career as an undergraduate at Fresno State university, and began working with high school teams while earning a master's degree in education from University of Redlands. He moved up to Riverside City College as head coach in 1961, spent seven

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Our public school system is failing our children. Something clearly needs to be done. As part of FORTUNE magazine's "Education Summit," leaders from government, business and education search for answers in "America's Schools: Who Gives A Damn?," a panel seminar hosted by Fred W. Friendly and produced by Columbia University Seminars on Media and Society. With major funding provided by Time Warner Inc., it's now a two part PBS series to be broadcast April 1st and 2nd. If you give a damn about education, tune in and see why America may not be making the grade.

FORTUNE

Inside the mind of management.

Why Quitting Means Gaining

Sad but true: giving up cigarette smoking means battling the bulge, especially for women

By JANICE M. HOROWITZ

Quitting cigarettes is generally something to celebrate, but for many ex-smokers there is a weighty price to pay on the scale. Last week a study by the Centers for Disease Control confirmed what many former smokers have learned from experience: people who swear off smoking can expect to gain weight—an average of 3.8 kg (8 lbs.) for women, 2.8 kg (6 lbs.) for men. More disturbing is the finding that 1 in 8 women who quit—and 1 in 10 male quitters—add a hefty 13 kg (29 lbs.) or more, while continuing smokers tend to gain much less. The CDC's report, published last week in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, noted that certain groups are particularly likely to lose the battle of the bulge, among them blacks, people under 55 and those who smoked more than 15 cigarettes a day.

The CDC's study is not the first to link quitting with gaining, but it represents the most comprehensive work to date. Epidemiologist David Williamson and his research team reviewed data on 1,885 smokers and 768 non-smokers who were studied over a period of 13 years. The report provides the clearest demonstration that women gain more than men, notes Neil Grunberg, medical psychologist at Bethesda's Uniformed Services University, who wrote an accompanying editorial. "It's very impressive."

Why do people plump up after giving up cigarettes? There are several emotional and behavioral factors, including simply the habit of putting something into one's mouth. But experts increasingly believe physiological factors play the largest role. Nicotine, found in tobacco, speeds up physiological functions, especially the rate at which the body metabolizes food. "Though people will tell you they smoke to relax, in reality, they're all charged up," says psychologist Daniel Kirschenbaum of Chicago's Northwestern Memorial Hospital. A smoker's heart rate, for instance, averages 84 beats a minute, compared with 72 beats for a nonsmoker. When smoking stops, metabolism slows down, food is burned more slowly and the pounds can start piling on. Research by

psychologist Richard Keesey at the University of Wisconsin suggests the added pounds represent a return to a more normal weight. Smoking, he says, "artificially lowers the body weight."

Recent quitters frequently feel an almost uncontrollable urge to gorge on sugary, high-carbohydrate foods. This too is probably due to the powerful influence of nicotine. In smokers, the drug lowers the level of insulin in the bloodstream, which in

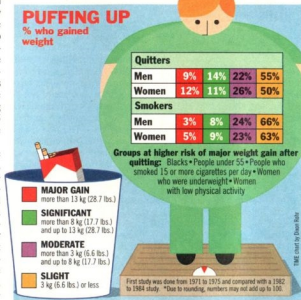
ried about gaining weight if they quit smoking. In years past, cigarette companies capitalized on such fears. Lucky Strike ads in the 1920s encouraged women to "Reach for the Lucky Strike Instead of a Sweet." Unfortunately, doctors note, even modest weight gains can loom large for women: a gain of 8 lbs., for instance, can translate into a different dress size; for men it may only mean letting the belt out a notch or two.

Specialists offer a host of recommendations for warding off the weight. "Just making people aware that nicotine withdrawal may lead to an increase in their appetite is often enough to prevent them from putting on the pounds," says Chicago internist Robert Gluckman, an obesity specialist. Chewing nicotine gum to cut down the physical withdrawal from the addiction is also often advised, as is engaging in some form of aerobic exercise to help push up the metabolic rate. To satisfy the craving for sweets, Grunberg suggests, quitters should sprinkle everything, from meat to poultry to fruit, with a sugar substitute.

National smoking-cessation programs also provide clever techniques to help people adjust to life without a cigarette dangling from their mouth. Smokers, based in Connecticut, explains that a person puffs about 10 times for every cigarette smoked, or 200 times a day for every pack. With this in mind, the group teaches people to brush and floss after each meal in order to "give mouths plenty of that attention they're missing," says seminar director Charlotte Tausz. She also suggests "ways of engaging in non-caloric pucker responses" like sipping water through a straw or sucking on ginger root and cinnamon sticks.

Will the CDC study discourage smokers from snuffing the habit? If so, this would be a terrible mistake, says Kirschenbaum, who adds that the health risk of smoking a pack and a half to two packs a day "is equal to carrying 60 to 80 extra pounds in body weight." Smoking, which leads to 400,000 U.S. deaths a year, "is about the most dangerous thing a person can do," affirms Tausz. "I'd rather see someone be a few pounds heavier and a nonsmoker, than smoke and be skinny." No doctor would disagree, but try telling that to a teenage girl.

—With reporting by Lynn Emmerman/Chicago and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta



turn decreases the craving for sweet-tasting food. Grunberg has shown in laboratory animals that removing nicotine causes insulin levels to rise, prompting greater consumption of sweets. This sweet-tooth effect is far more pronounced in female animals than in males, which may explain the difference found between the two sexes in the CDC study. But researchers are baffled by the increased vulnerability of blacks to weight gain. Says Williamson: "More work needs to be done."

Health officials are concerned that the desire to stay slim may be contributing to the high rate of smoking among teenage girls, who tend to take up the habit at a younger age than boys. Just this month the *American Journal of Public Health* reported that more than twice as many adolescent girls as boys said they were wor-

A Crusader From the Heartland

In his one-man campaign to remove fats and cholesterol from processed foods, **PHILIP SOKOLOF** has taken on some of the biggest U.S. firms—and won

By **LEON JAROFF**

Across the country last week, it was front-page news. By the end of April, the fast-food giant McDonald's would begin offering the McLean Deluxe, a hamburger that contains only 9% fat, less than half the fat content of its traditional burgers. The new hamburger, exulted McDonald's president, "is good news for people who like beef but who want to reduce their fat intake."

Health experts and nutritionists hailed the decision. But no one was more delighted than the lone man who through persistence and intimidation practically coerced McDonald's into making the move: Omaha industrialist Philip Sokolof, 68. Besieged by the press last week in the wake of the announcement, Sokolof, a dead ringer for actor Hal Holbrook, adopted a modest pose. "This is a very great day for the American people," he declared.

It was a pretty good day for Sokolof too. For it marked the greatest victory yet in his remarkable crusade to improve the diet and protect the hearts of millions of Americans. Single-handedly, with messianic zeal, a keen public relations sense and some \$3 million of his own money, Sokolof has persuaded many of the nation's largest food processors and fast-food chains to change both their ways and the ingredients of their products. In the process he has outraged corporate executives, given tropical oils a bad name and turned supermarket aisles into America's new libraries, clogged with shoppers reading ingredient labels.

Sokolof's motivation comes straight from the heart, his own heart, which nearly stopped beating in 1966. He remembers the day of his heart attack well. "Oct. 27," he says. "It's not like the birth of your child, but it's memorable." And it came out of the blue. As founder and president of Omaha's Phillips Manufacturing Co., Sokolof drove himself relentlessly but seemed to be in good shape. "I was thin," he recalls. "I'm 5 ft. 10 in., and I weighed only 145 lbs. I did the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises regularly; I worked out and ran a mile once or twice a week."

Luckily for Sokolof, who was addicted to ice cream, hamburgers, hot dogs and "anything greasy," his doctor was one of the early believers in the association of fatty foods with

high cholesterol and heart disease. He warned Sokolof that his cholesterol reading, at 300, was dangerously high and prescribed a low-fat diet. Within a few months, Sokolof's cholesterol level had dropped to 190 (it is now 150). During his recovery, he pestered his doctor with questions about cholesterol, plaque and other heart-related topics. "Phil," he recalls the doctor saying, "I can't make you a cardiologist." But Sokolof pressed on. "Now I consider myself an amateur cardiologist," he says, "and I know a lot more about cholesterol than some of them do."

In 1984, after a federally sponsored study confirmed cholesterol's role in heart disease, Sokolof decided to act. With a million dollars drawn from his personal account, he founded the National Heart Savers Association, which consists mainly of Sokolof and two assistants. NHSa's goal: to call attention to the dangers of high cholesterol levels and, says Sokolof earnestly, "to save people's lives."

During the next four years, NHSa sponsored free cholesterol testing for 200,000 people in 16 cities and towns across the U.S. To spread the word further, Sokolof in 1988 successfully lobbied Congress to designate April as "Know Your Cholesterol Month" and heralded the fact with full-page ads in major newspapers. That month more Americans had their cholesterol tested than in any previous month. Sokolof was elated, but concerned that the public was still unaware that many of its favorite food brands were laden not only with cholesterol but also with saturated fat, which the body converts into cholesterol.

The next month, he mailed 11,000 letters to food-industry officials. The first sentence was bound to catch their attention: "Is your company an accessory in the deaths of untold numbers of heart attack victims?" The letter went on to urge the food companies to remove coconut and palm oil from their products, as well as lard and beef tallow, all of which contain high levels of saturated fat. NHSa, the letter warned, planned soon to alert the public about "the dangers of highly saturated oil products."

Few companies bothered to respond, and Sokolof's follow-up telephone calls went largely unheeded. "When I said, 'I'm Phil Sokolof from Heart Savers,'" he recalls, "that was the same as saying, 'I'm Joe Blow from Podunk.'"

But, as the food companies learned, Phil Sokolof was not a man to be ignored. In October 1988, they were confronted by full-page newspaper ads written and designed by Sokolof and headlined **THE POISONING OF AMERICA!** The text identified the poisoners: food processors who used tropical oils high in saturated fats. "We implore you. Do not buy products containing palm oil or coconut oil," the ads warned. "Your life may be at stake." Pictured below, to the horror of several major companies, was an assortment of some of America's favorite brand-name foods.

The intensity of the reaction surprised even Sokolof. Corporate executives, or lawyers representing them, called Omaha and threatened lawsuits. But as sales of some of the brands pictured in the ad plummeted, seven large companies announced in quick succession that they were removing tropical oils from their products.

More **POISONING OF AMERICA** ads followed, and when Nabisco failed to budge, Sokolof singled it out, concluding, "The American public deserves better from its largest food processor." The following day a Nabisco executive called Sokolof to assure him that the giant company would hasten the reformulation of its products.



Photograph for TIME by Joe McNally — SYGMA

Profile

"I feel that I have developed a rapport with the American public," Sokolof says. "They like the fact that a little guy in Omaha is sitting here and taking on Nabisco, a \$25 billion corporation. I've had some success, and I've made a lot of money, but compared with Nabisco, I'm a pimple on an elephant's fanny."

Having whipped the food processors into line, Sokolof redirected his fire. In yet another POISONING ad last April, he took on the fast-food chains, focusing on the largest, MCDONALD'S, a subheadline charged, YOUR HAMBURGERS HAVE TOO MUCH FAT! A combination of a Big Mac and French fries, the ad reported, was "loaded" with 25 grams of saturated fat, and those French fries were cooked in fat-laden beef tallow.

McDonald's was flabbergasted. Through its attorney, former Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano, it warned newspapers that the ad was "riddled with error" and that further publication of such ads without corrections "would have to be considered malicious."

Undaunted, with few exceptions, major newspapers ran another Sokolof ad in July. This one was headlined MCDONALD'S, YOUR HAMBURGERS STILL HAVE TOO MUCH FAT! AND YOUR FRENCH FRIES STILL ARE COOKED WITH BEEF TALLOW. The ad noted that Burger King and Wendy's were also culpable and reported an *Advertising Age* poll revealing that 38% of Americans who saw Sokolof's first set of ads had decreased their patronage of fast-food restaurants. It also pointed out that laboratory tests conducted for the *New York Times* had confirmed the accuracy of those ads.

Fast-food resistance began to crumble under the assault. By the end of the month, Burger King, Wendy's and finally McDonald's announced that they were switching to healthy vegetable oils for cooking French fries. And they began working harder to develop leaner burgers. "The dominoes have fallen," Sokolof said. "I couldn't be happier. Millions of ounces of saturated fat won't be clogging the arteries of American people."

Sokolof, born in Omaha in 1922, has always enjoyed center stage. Starting tap-dance lessons at age six, he soon won first prize at a children's talent show. He still recalls the drill. "Left, right, shuffle, shuffle, tap, tap," he says, his body swaying with the remembered rhythm. At nine, he made the first of his many career changes, taking voice lessons and singing at weddings and bar mitzvahs. After high school, he took to the road for four years as a vocalist with a succession of bands, performing in ballrooms and nightclubs across the country.

But by the time he was 21, Sokolof says, "I realized that life wasn't just hats and horns." Returning to Omaha, he went into business with his father, who owned several liquor stores and bars. In his late 20s, Sokolof turned to building houses, one or two at a time, on speculation.

Around that time, in the early 1950s, when dry wall was rapidly replacing plaster in new houses, one of Sokolof's employees arrived at work with two cartons of corner bead, the metallic strips used to join dry wall at a corner. "I looked at the price," Sokolof recalls, "and thought, 'My God! That's really high.'" After checking the cost of steel

and the fabricating technique, he decided he could undercut the only two national companies producing the bead.

He bought a \$15,000 machine, rented a building for \$75 a month and went into business. "I made the product, went out on the road and sold it, and came back and did the invoices." Offering the corner bead at a few dollars less per 1,000 ft. than his big competitors, Sokolof began turning a profit by his second month of operation.

It was all uphill from there. Today Sokolof's privately held firm, the Phillips Manufacturing Co., has 120 employees and two Omaha plants that specialize in producing various dry-wall channels and metallic building studs. Profits from the company and some shrewd stock investments have made Sokolof a wealthy man, with a fortune that he admits is "well into eight figures."

All his success, Sokolof says, cannot compensate for the one great tragedy of his life, the death in 1982 of his wife Ruth, after a 15-year struggle with cancer. "I don't cry easily," Sokolof says, but when he talks about Ruth, which he does incessantly, there are tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice. In his spacious condominium, where he lives alone, he proudly shows visitors her paintings and clippings about her charitable work with blind children. "She made me a better person," he says.

Sokolof now spends some 80% of his working time on NHSA business, which he conducts largely by telephone out of his office at Phillips. These days his calls to food companies are immediately transferred to top executives, many of whom he knows by first name. Around 10 p.m., he drives home in his white Mercedes sports coupe, prepares his own low-fat dinner and labors over the work he has brought with him. Later he pedals furiously on his exercise bicycle while watching his favorite TV show, *Jeopardy*, taped earlier on his video recorder. Often he stays up until 2 or 3 a.m. "I find it hard to go to sleep at night," he says, "because

there are so many things to do."

One of those things was to ensure passage by Congress of a strict food-labeling bill, sponsored by Democratic Representative Henry Waxman of California. When it appeared that the bill would be shunted aside last year, Sokolof paid a total of \$650,000 for full-page ads urging Congress to adopt the measure. Then, concerned that Republican Orrin Hatch of Utah was delaying its passage by tacking amendments to the Senate version of the bill, Sokolof ran ads in the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times* and all the Utah dailies. "Senator Hatch," the ads read, "please cease your attempts to alter and dilute" the bill. "If the Senate does not pass this bill, you will bear the responsibility." Hatch backed down, the bill was passed, and Waxman invited Sokolof to attend its signing in Washington. "This bill," declared Waxman, "is a tribute to Sokolof's tenacity."

That tenacity was evident again last weekend, as Sokolof worked far into the night preparing a full-page ad scheduled to run this week in major newspapers. The ad extols the virtues of McDonald's new hamburgers and advises Wendy's and Burger King that they too had better take the lean route. From deep in America's heartland, Sokolof is ready to strike again. ■

"I've had some success, and I've made a lot of money, but compared with Nabisco, I'm a pimple on an elephant's fanny."

The Encyclopedia of Summer Classics, Illustrated:



Adirondack chair. Elegantly simple cottage and resort chair designed at the turn of the century, using smooth-planed wood in place of the unmilled saplings typical of Adirondack furniture. The flat, broad arms accommodate a good vacation book or perhaps an ice-cold lemonade.

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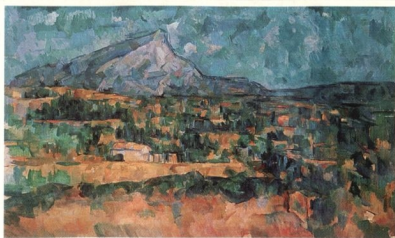
By ROBERT HUGHES

Museums live by getting. They risk stagnating when the flow of works of art into their permanent collections dries up. Which was just what the art-market boom of the 1980s threatened, by sending prices of certain categories of art—in particular, Impressionism and early Modernism—beyond their reach. Hence the fierce, if discreet, competition for big donors among big American museums.

It has been made more acute in the past few years by two factors. First, the shortening supply of American collections that actually contain the kind of things a great museum would want to have. (The 1980s produced shoals of zillionaires but few connoisseurs.) And second, a fashion among the rich for making their own "vanity" museums, a practice whose reductio ad absurdum was reached by places like the Terra Museum of American Art in Chicago and the Armand Hammer Museum in Los Angeles—a \$100 million shell with maybe six paintings of quality inside it.

Few collectors have been courted more assiduously than Walter Annenberg, 83, the former chairman of Triangle Publications and Richard Nixon's onetime ambassador to Britain. Over the years, Annenberg had assembled a choice group of some 50 Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, for which—only a year ago, at the peak of the now badly deflated art market—he turned down an offer of \$1 billion from a Japanese syndicate.

Over the past year or so, Annenberg's paintings went on tour to a number of U.S. museums that hoped to get them and vied with one another in the lavishness of their installations: the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the National Gallery in Washington. The collection will go on temporary exhibit, starting June 4, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. And last week Annenberg announced that its landing there would become permanent: he had bequeathed his collection en bloc to the Met. At this news, the muted gnashing of directorial dentures was heard from coast to coast. "This is one of the largest single gifts in the history of the Metropolitan," crowed its grateful director, Philippe de Montebello. "It is a series of really magnificent works."



Annenberg's collection includes Cézanne's great panorama, *Mont Sainte-Victoire*, and an exceptional Van Gogh portrait of an Arlesian woman rocking an unseen cradle, *La Berceuse*



For his part, Annenberg (whose flagship magazine was *TV Guide*) said he had toyed with the idea of turning his home in Rancho Mirage, Calif., into a "private little museum," but had decided to place the collection in a wider context. "There are only two complete museums in the world, the Louvre and the Met. My judgment was that the Met was probably the best protection I would get. It was a matter of continuity."

The Annenberg paintings will mesh very well with the Met's holdings of 19th and early 20th century art, their foundations laid by the massive Havemeyer bequest of 1929 and reinforced by legacies from Stephen Clark, Sam Lewisoohn and Robert Lehman. Annenberg's paintings include several Cézannes, most conspicuously the great 1902-06 panorama of *Mont Sainte-Victoire*, so different from the Met's more constricted version of the same subject. The collection includes works by Gauguin, Monet, Manet, Tou-

louse-Lautrec and Bonnard, and a group of Monets from the 1870s—a phase of the master's work not well represented at the Met until now.

The 20th century works will also help flesh out the Met's skeletal early-Modernist collection. The Annenberg paintings include a very fine Georges Braque studio interior from 1939, and *At the Lapin Agile*, Picasso's self-portrait as Harlequin at the bar of a Montmartre dive. This souvenir of lost bohemia cost Annenberg \$40.7 million at auction in 1989.

The gift comes with a few strings attached. Nothing in it can be sold or lent out. It will go into what is now called the Andre Meyer galleries—an awkwardly designed space that the Met wants to rebuild. Will Annenberg toss in the extra \$10 million or so the museum needs for the job? And will Meyer's name vanish from the plaque, to be replaced by the ex-ambassador's? Don't bet against it. —With reporting by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York



Love in limbo: she's headed for a higher plane, and he desperately wants to join her there

Cinema

Out-of-Body Experience

DEFENDING YOUR LIFE Directed and Written by Albert Brooks

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

Albert Brooks seems to be a very rational fellow. His screen character is typically a man who listens attentively to other people, does not demand too much of them (or of life) and is always amenable to compromise should a conflict arise.

No wonder a faint air of depression surrounds his movies. Reasonable behavior is not a quality likely to get you very far at this late date in this unreasonable century. Or, as he demonstrates in his soft-spoken but boldly imagined new comedy, *Defending Your Life*, very far in the afterlife.

Thinly disguised as an advertising man named Daniel Miller, Brooks departs this earth as a result of a rather silly car crash and finds himself in a limbo called Judgment City. It is a not-too-bright Southern Californian's idea of paradise—all high-rises, malls and programmed politeness, but with no smog. Best of all, you can eat all you want of healthful foods and not gain an ounce.

Nevertheless, serious work goes on here. The dead are required to examine their past in quasi-judicial proceedings, complete with judges, prosecutor and defense lawyer. The court can summon up on a screen any moment from the defendant's life to provide evidence about his nature.

The stakes are not uncompromisingly biblical: heaven on the one hand, hell on the other. The spirit is much more Buddhist: good souls are permitted to go on to a new life, while unworthy ones are sent back to earth to try again. After you've been to Judgment City, the second alternative is not entirely appealing. The highly

evolved locals jocularly refer to earthlings as "little brains," because they employ only 2% or 3% of their mental capacity. A step backward becomes particularly dispiriting to Daniel after he meets a brave, smart woman named Julia (played by a sexily beaming Meryl Streep). She is a sure shot to move on to a higher plane of existence, and he would desperately like to join her.

His chances of doing so are not strong. He has been all too reasonable, that is to say too quick to accommodate and compromise in his past life. He has failed to realize his highest potential or, for that matter, all the happiness he was entitled to. He clearly needs more practice in living. To make matters worse, his defense attorney (the excellent Rip Torn) is distracted and dispassionate—he obviously thinks Daniel could use more time in the minors—while his prosecutor (the equally fine Lee Grant) is ferociously well prepared. Both, as it turns out, reckon without the reformative powers of true love, and don't comprehend Daniel's capacity to die and learn.

Defending Your Life is better developed as a situation than it is as a comedy (though there are some nice bits, like a hotel lobby sign that reads, WELCOME KIWANIS DEAD). But Brooks has always been more of a muser than a tumbler, and perhaps more depressive than he is manic. He asks us to banish the cha-cha-cha beat of conventional comedy from mind and bend to a slower rhythm. His pace is not that of a comic standing up at a microphone barking one-liners, but of an intelligent man sitting down by the fire mulling things over. And in this case offering us a large slice of angel food for thought. ■

Milestones

RECORD SET. By Sergei Bubka, 27, Soviet pole vaulter; by clearing the overarching barrier of 20 ft. with a vault of 20 ft. 1/4 in.; at an indoor international competition in San Sebastián, Spain. "It was very good tonight," said Bubka, the 1988 Olympic gold medalist, who in 1988 set the outdoor record of 19 ft. 10 1/2 in.

DIED. Howard Ashman, 40, Academy Award-winning lyricist, librettist, playwright, editor and director; of AIDS; in New York City. In 1982 he collaborated with Alan Menken on *Little Shop of Horrors*, off-Broadway's highest-grossing musical. Ashman and Menken won a 1989 Oscar for Best Original Song with *Under the Sea*, from Walt Disney's *The Little Mermaid*.

DIED. Jerome ("Doc") Pomus, 65, legendary rock-'n'-roll lyricist; of lung cancer; in New York City. A native of Brooklyn, Pomus teamed with composer Mort Shuman to pen his first major hit, *A Teenager in Love*, in 1959. The two also wrote such classics as *Save the Last Dance for Me* and *This Magic Moment* for the Drifters. Their magic continued with Elvis Presley's *Little Sister* and *Surrender*.

DIED. LeRoy Collins, 82, Governor of Florida from 1955 to '61 and an early proponent of racial justice in the "New South"; in Tallahassee. After the civil rights movement began, Collins called for peaceful integration of public facilities and schools. Besides championing civil rights, Collins was widely credited with modernizing Florida's education and health-care systems.



DIED. Jimmy McPartland, 83, cornetist and pioneer of the Chicago jazz style; in Port Washington, N.Y. Along with his Austin High School friends Bud Freeman, Dave Tough and Frank Teschemacher, young McPartland would get into clubs to listen to Louis Armstrong and other New Orleans greats, eventually adapting what they heard into the Chicago sound. Known for his brawny lyricism, McPartland played in Ben Pollack's band in the 1920s, and later worked with Jack Teagarden's big band, toured the pits on Broadway and was a television actor.

DIED. Lawrence ("Bud") Freeman, 84, tenor saxophonist and member of Chicago's Austin High School Gang; in Chicago. Like Coleman Hawkins, Freeman was one of the most influential tenor saxmen of the '20s and '30s. Among his most popular recordings were *The Eel* and *Crazelogy*, which was the title of his 1989 memoir.

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Education

Kicking the Nerd Syndrome

A new cohort of the best and brightest Asian-American students is rejecting the science stereotype and the ethic behind it

By **SAM ALLIS** BOSTON

Tohoru Masamune, 31, grew up in a Japanese-American household distinguished by world-class scientists on both sides of his family. He graduated from M.I.T. in 1982 with a degree in chemical engineering. His success in the family tradition appeared assured. Then everything went haywire. "I realized I was totally in the wrong line of work," he says. Last year Masamune stunned his parents by dropping a well-paying job with a computer company to become an actor, a career he had been pursuing furtively on a part-time basis. "It was a huge risk," he says, "but it is also a huge risk going into something your heart's not into."

David Shim, 21, a Harvard senior, made a conscious decision in high school to shun the science track in college even though he was brilliant at its disciplines and scored 1580 out of a possible 1600 on his college boards. "All my teachers were disappointed that I didn't go to M.I.T.," he says, "but I really wanted to avoid the stereotype of the science geek." Shim chose to major in government, and has been accepted at Harvard Law School.

America's diverse Asian-American community is awash these days with stories like those. Increasingly, Asian-American students and graduates are chafing at the "model-minority myth." That image depicts them as a group of blinkered science-oriented achievers—"the Asian in the M.I.T. sweat-shirt," as Masamune puts it. "It's really frustrating to score over 1400 on your SATs and learn that society is telling you they've got you figured out," he says. Hei Wai Chan, 28, a Ph.D. candidate in electrical engineering at M.I.T. who plans a career in social work within the Asian-American community,

agrees. "Maybe half of Asian-American students are in conflict over this."

Like most stereotypes, the one about Asian-American student attainment has papered over a very different reality. Four out of every five such students are in public two- or four-year institutions rather than elite universities. And plenty are not particularly good at math or science. At the University of Massachusetts' Boston campus, the majority of 640 Asian-American students work part time to support their families while going to school.

Nonetheless, in the upper reaches of the meritocracy, there have been glints of



MARK KUO
HARVARD
A high school science-contest finalist, he now prefers comparative literature to pre-med. "I stepped out of the shadow of the Westinghouse award."



CARA WONG
HARVARD-RADCLIFFE
History courses persuaded her to pursue government studies instead of biochemistry. "I had such a narrow focus when I came here."



TOHORU MASAMUNE
M.I.T. GRADUATE
After working in Silicon Valley, he left the well-paying computer industry to pursue a career in acting. "I wasn't fitting in."

IN A RECESSION, THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE.

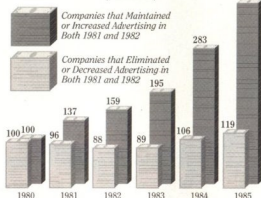
It's a recession. Your instincts demand that you cut the ad budget. But, as the McGraw-Hill Research¹ analysis of business-to-business advertising expenditures during the 1981-82 recession shows, it's those with the courage to maintain or increase advertising in a recession who reap a major sales advantage over their competitors who panic

and fall back into a defensive posture. And this advantage continues to expand long after the recession is over.

Recessions last an average of 11 months, but any advertising decision made during one can have permanent repercussions. The McGraw-Hill study demonstrates that nervous advertisers lose ground to the brave and can't gain it back. In 1980, according to the chart seen here, sales indices were identical, but by 1985 the brave had racked up a 3.2 to 1 sales advantage. A similar study done by McGraw-Hill during the 1974-75 recession corroborates the 1980's research.

A recession is the single greatest period in which to make short- and long-term gains. And, surprisingly, increasing advertising modestly during one has much the same effect on your

Effects of Advertising in a Recession on Sales
(Indices)



McGraw-Hill Research, 1986.

profits as cutting advertising does. According to The Center for Research & Development's October 1990 study of consumer advertising during a recession, advertisers who yield "to the natural inclination to cut spending in an effort to increase profits in a recession find that it doesn't work."² This study, relying on the PIMS³ database, also uncovered that aggressive recessionary advertisers picked up 4.5 times as much market share gain as their overcautious competitors, leaving them in a far better position to exploit the inevitable recovery and expansion.

Chevrolet countered its competitors during the 1974-75 recession by aggressively beefing up its ad spending and attained a two percent market share increase. Today, two share points in the automotive industry are worth over \$4 billion. Delta Airlines and Revlon also boosted ad spending in the 1974-75 recession and achieved similar results.

Continuous advertising sustains market leadership. And it's far easier to sustain momentum than it is to start it up again. Consider this list of market category leaders: Campbell's, Coca-Cola, Ivory, Kellogg, Kodak, Lipton and Wrigley. This is the leadership list for 1925. And 1990. These marketers have maintained a relentless commitment to their brands in both good times and bad. Kellogg had the guts to pump up its ad spending during the Great Depression and cemented a market leadership it has yet to relinquish.

These are the success stories. Space and diplomacy don't allow the mention of the names of those who lacked gusto and chose to cut their ad spending in recessionary times.

But if you would like to learn more about how advertising can help make the worst of times the best of times, please write to Department C, American Association of Advertising Agencies, 666 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, enclosing a check for five dollars. You will receive a booklet covering the pertinent research done on all the U.S. recessions since 1923. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

¹ McGraw-Hill Research, 1986. ² The Center for Research and Development ©1990.
³ Profit Impact of Market Strategies, The Strategic Planning Institute, Cambridge, MA.

AAAA

truth to the "science nerd" generalization. Of the 40 finalists in the prestigious Westinghouse Science Talent Search this year, 18 were Asian American. Yet while there are no statistics on the shift among Asian Americans away from the sciences, there is no doubt it is happening. "I can see a difference in those students just two or three years younger than me," says Mark Kuo, 22, a Harvard senior who, along with his two brothers, was a Westinghouse finalist while at the Bronx High School of Science in New York City. "They're more interested in public policy and social action than in what their parents preached about economic security through medicine and engineering." Kuo left premed at the end of his freshman year to study comparative literature.

Such changes in course are often wrenching for Asian-American youths because of strong parental pressure to achieve in areas with a high career payoff. "They are raised to suffer through their problems alone much more than in other cultures," explains Karen Huang, a clinical psychologist at Stanford who has counseled many Asian-American students. "Also, Asian parents are more concerned about guiding their children and less interested in listening to what they want or need."

Lewison Lee Lem, a Harvard admissions officer, calls this parental attitude "the Beida syndrome." Beida, which refers to Peking University in Mandarin, is shorthand for the push in Asian countries to be accepted at the top national institution, a tradition that stems from the Confucian emphasis on bureaucratic status via education. Once admitted, students are guaranteed a secure future, and parents feel they have done their duty.

"The pressure to achieve remains strong for Asian-American women too," says Cara Wong, 20, a Harvard-Radcliffe junior who switched from biochemistry to government studies last year. "I had such a narrow focus when I came here," she says. "The whole path to medical school was laid out for me. Then I started reading history and government here, and I really enjoyed them." Wong adds that her parents were "not at all happy" with the change. "My mother was afraid that as a government major I would end up as a welfare worker," she says.

The fact that the best and the brightest among Asian Americans are veering away from programmed patterns of success may be, in fact, another sign that the over-achievers are settling into the mainstream. Of course, Asian Americans will continue to major in math and science in large numbers. But more will do so because they genuinely enjoy the subjects, and others, like Tohoru Masamune, will be freer to choose other paths. "It destabilized my life," he says about his decision to get out of engineering, "but it was an instability that I'm comfortable with." That too is achievement. ■

Music

Taking Her Own Sweet Time

Jazz singer Shirley Horn makes an unforgettable arrival

By JAY COCKS

Jazz life on dream street: days of drizzly twilight, long spiky nights of taking a nick off Nirvana with a piano run or a horn solo, walking arm in arm into a rainy dawn with your next sad love affair. Meanwhile, real life on Lawrence Street: a two-story frame house in a working-class neighborhood of Washington. The den extension and the enlarged kitchen were not built by the man of the house, Shep Deering, but by his wife, who is handy with a hammer and saw. Her husband of 35 years still works as

kind of wide attention she deserves, until this moment. She's had a career for some 40 of her 55 years, but recognition, while often fervid, has been... well, say, finely focused. Sales on three of her albums in the early '80s were so slender that a persistent record company still bills her for production costs. If *You Won't Forget Me* keeps on sailing, she may actually see her first royalty check after about 30 years of recordmaking. "My secret is out of the closet now," she laughs.

More precisely, Horn is front and center, but her secret—her jazz essence—is still intact. It's what draws you first when you hear the smoky timber of her voice, the leisured elegance of her phrasing. And it's what holds you, wondering about the magic she brings to tunes as varied as *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying* and *You Won't Forget Me*. Says jazz critic Martin Williams: "She's not only good and tasteful, but she also has that wonderful sense of drama that can turn any little song into a three-minute one-act play." Horn concedes, "Well, I'm a good actress. I've never had a lot of pain."

Having seen at least three friends fall to drugs, she's stayed clear of anything much stronger than the Drambuie she favors, usually with a beer chaser. She's spent most of her life playing around the Washington area, where she was reared; she was doing a set in Baltimore just two weeks after her daughter Rainy was born in 1962. "I was commuting, having a good time," she remembers. But she had "a young baby, a home to keep, a husband to cook meals for. Then when Rainy was about 11, 12 years old, I felt she needed me. And I guess I needed her. So I slowed down a little."

After that decade lull, she jumped into overdrive. Recently returned from a sold-out debut in Paris, she will gig for a month in California this spring and will play Carnegie Hall for the first time on June 25. But she still understands need: all kinds of need, from longing to desperation, with all the melancholy shadings in between. Maybe that's the secret of her music. Not only the musical dexterity but the heart that's always open and eager to share. "It's just the way I feel about a song," she says. "They call me the slowest singer in the world, but I don't talk fast either. You're trying to tell a story, to paint a picture." And that's just fine. Right now, and for a long time coming, Horn can not only take her time but also make it. —Reported by Janice C. Simpson/

New York



The supernal balladeer: "I'm a good actress"

She's handy with a hammer and saw as well.

a mechanic for the Metropolitan Transit Authority. But, says Mrs. Deering, "I'd never marry a musician. I've seen so many bad marriages with musicians."

Mrs. Shep Deering has a night job herself—as a musician. She plays a fine jazz piano and sings a supernal jazz ballad. People like Miles Davis, Wynton and Branford Marsalis and Toots Thielemans play along with her. She also has a brand-new album that is hovering near the top of the *Billboard* jazz chart. *You Won't Forget Me* is the title. It may also be read as an unconditional guarantee: Shirley Horn is indelible.

"It's been written that Shirley Horn is back on the scene," Horn reflects. "Well, I haven't been anywhere. And I've been busy." All that busyness hasn't got her the

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Singer, Godwin, Theroux: bad behavior, good manners and a case of disintegrating personality

Books

A Spring Bouquet of Fiction

Five veterans and a promising beginner offer the season's best narratives

By PAUL GRAY

SCUM by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 218 pages; \$19.95). The title sounds right for a new Elmore Leonard detective novel, but Singer has extracted it from a passage in his own short story *The Death of Methuselah*: "Flesh and corruption were the same from the very beginning, and always will remain the scum of creation, the very opposite of God's wisdom, mercy and splendor."



From this rather glum moral, the 1978 Nobel laureate spins a lively, hectic tale. Singer's language, as translated from the Yiddish by Rosaline Dukalsky Schwartz, retains its astonishing speed and vigor, an economy of storytelling technique scarcely matched in this century. The year is 1906, and Max Barabander, saddened by the death of his adolescent son and the consequent coldness of his wife Rochelle, leaves Buenos Aires, where he has made a good living selling "houses and lots," to return to his native Poland "to perpetrate," he says, "he knew not what."

Sex has a lot to do with it; Max has been rendered impotent by his troubles. In Warsaw, particularly on Krochmalna Street, he quickly encounters a number of women as

eager to use him as he is them, with generally unhappy results. There is, as Singer warns, little of God's wisdom and mercy in this book, but the display of human perversity and sheer cussedness is enthralling.

THE MACGUFFIN by Stanley Elkin (Simon & Schuster; 283 pages; \$19.95). Bobbo Druff, 58, is a washed-up pol serving time as city commissioner of streets in a minor-league U.S. metropolis. His wife of 36 years is going deaf; his son Mikey, 30, still lives at home; and his health—after a heart bypass, four instances of a collapsed lung and extensive circulatory problems in his legs—is not robust. Understandably he concludes that the "world is getting away from me, I think."



So he invents a MacGuffin, the term Alfred Hitchcock used to describe anything that gives spurious meaning to a plot, or, as Bobbo explains, "whatever got slipped into Cary Grant's pocket without his knowledge or that Jimmy Stewart picked up by mistake when the girl switched briefcases on him." The MacGuffin that Bobbo comes up with is a conspiracy to get rid of him that involves everyone from his bosses to his son's deceased Lebanese girlfriend to his limousine drivers.

Within 48 hours or so, Elkin puts his

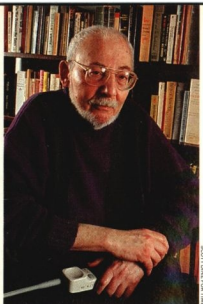
hero through permutations of paranoia. No matter how his language prattles, jokes, howls, sings, the commissioner cannot quite divert himself from the knowledge that "life goes on." Whatever his other failings, Bobbo, like the best of Elkin's past characters, triumphs in the end as a world-class monologist.

FATHER MELANCHOLY'S DAUGHTER by Gail Godwin (Morrow; 404 pages; \$21.95). Margaret Gower is six on the day (Sept. 13, 1972) she comes home from school to



learn that her mother has abandoned her and her father Walter, the rector of St. Cuthbert's Episcopal Church in the small Virginia town of Romulus. The mother has gone away with Madelyn Farley, a college friend who spends a night with the Gowers on her way back from a summer-theater job (she is a set designer) to her home in New York City. The bereaved daughter and her father, who periodically vanishes behind the "Black Curtain" of depression, rehash this brief visit incessantly, looking for clues to explain the calamity that has changed their lives. Margaret remembers Madelyn's saying, "Love-ly is the art of pleasing others. Art is about pleasing yourself."

Margaret's long, leisurely narration,



Elkin, Ballard, Hart: comic monologues, unsettling questions and the perils of erotic obsession

which takes her up to age 22, constitutes a test of this assertion. In the end she chooses good manners, in the old-fashioned sense, over assertiveness, generosity over self-absorption. Grace, both divine and human, seems worth preserving. Those who encourage Gail Godwin to include more nastiness, more hard-edged portraits of evil in her novels, have missed the point that this one, her eighth, makes again: it can be just as heroic, and as aesthetically rewarding, to be nice as it is to be horrid.

CHICAGO LOOP by Paul Theroux (Random House; 196 pages; \$20). With a lot more gore and a lot less talent, this novel could have shared some of the uproar that has descended on Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*. Here is a wealthy, morally rudderless white male stalking through a city, in this case Chicago, looking for trouble.

Parker Jagoda, a successful real estate developer, has a child in the northern suburb of Evanston and a sleek, sophisticated wife who works as a professional model and periodically arranges to meet him in hotels for ritualized bouts of fantasy sex. Still, Parker wants more. He puts personal ads in local papers, and bears an odd grudge against the women who respond. One night, during one of these assignments, he does something so horrible that he cannot bear to remember it.

But headlines and TV bulletins about a "Wolfman" on the prowl eventually force Parker to face what he has committed. There is some macabre humor in this recognition; understanding that he is in fact a carnivore, the former health-food addict starts gorging on junk. But somewhere

around this point, Theroux begins a tour de force portrait of character disintegration, meticulously detailed and utterly convincing. A clearer sense of who Parker was before he fell apart might have made *Chicago Loop* a clearer, more uplifting admonitory tale; the scariest possibility is that the anti-hero was no one at all until he found his fate, and his destination, through violence.

WAR FEVER by J.G. Ballard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 182 pages; \$18.95). Although he became known as a writer of science fiction, that term has never adequately defined J.G. Ballard, whose works include *Empire of the Sun* (1984), an autobiographical novel (he was born in Shanghai in 1930, to British parents) of childhood in a Japanese-occupied region of China. This new collection of 14 stories reinforces the impression that the author neither should nor can be categorized.

True, a number of these tales unwind in the future, although science has little to do with most of them. The title story portrays Beirut some 30 years hence, still the scene of senseless, sectarian slaughter. A weary soldier conceives a plan for peace that actually begins to work, until it is sabotaged by the United Nations forces assigned to referee the carnage. The reason why is the extremely incisive point of the whole exercise. In *The Largest Theme Park in the World*, Ballard looks ahead past the planned 1992 economic unification of Europe to 1995, when many of the Continent's citizens decide to extend their Mediterranean summer vacations year-round.

What then? That is the disruptive inquiry hovering over all these stories. Ron-

ald Reagan back in the White House in 1992? A man who claims to have been an astronaut, even though it is clear he is lying? As he has been doing for some 30 years, Ballard turns odd questions into inspired narratives.

DAMAGE by Josephine Hart (Knopf; 198 pages; \$18). Erotic obsession is a risky subject for fiction. No matter how besotted the victims of this malady may be, their behavior is likely to strike mere witnesses, i.e., readers, as distasteful, hilarious or both. This first novel, whose author is a London theatrical producer and the wife of advertising mogul Maurice Saatchi, sidesteps such unintended responses, thanks to old-fashioned British reserve.

The unnamed male narrator comes by his stiff upper lip naturally. In his early 50s, he has been a successful physician, and is now a Tory M.P. on the way up. He has a beautiful wife, two talented children; he has, he confesses, "never faced a serious moral dilemma." Then he meets Anna Barton, his son Martyn's new girlfriend: "Just for a moment I had met my sort, another of my species." So has she, evidently, because before long the two are tearing at each other's clothes on a floor in Anna's London house.

"Of her body I have little to say," he notes; later, faced with a ghastly consequence of his behavior, he responds, "I will not speak of this." The understatement works wonders. This disastrous affair comes trailing some of the clichés of romantic fiction: kinky sex, a winglass snapped between clenched fingers. But *Damage*, through its fastidious language, restores these tired old tropes to the realm of flesh and blood.



People

By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT/Reported by Wendy Cole



PHILIP CAHON—STIPA

Young and No. 1

It took a little time, but tennis pro **Monica Seles** grunted, squealed and two-fisted her way to become the youngest No. 1-ranked female player in the world. Seles, 17, knocked off Steffi

Graf, who had held the position for a record 186 weeks. A difficult task, but her win over Graf in last year's French Open helped plenty. The Yugoslav celebrated with more than 100 friends

and family members at a Sarasota, Fla., club. The funny thing is, none of her tennis colleagues, except fellow teen Jennifer Capriati, called to congratulate her. That's O.K. with Seles. "Not too many of them know my phone number," she says.



JOHN ANDERSON—STIPA

Town Crier

Learn the secrets of Al Capone's vault! Meet the mothers of serial killers! All in your local *Two River Times*, thanks to **Geraldo Rivera**. Far-fetched, maybe, but that's what some of New Jersey's Monmouth County residents fear they'll get. The talk-show host bought a 75% interest in the small weekly, and next week becomes managing editor. He insists that the *Times* will be "democratic" and "won't just be filled with pictures of social swells." How will he fill it? In part, with hard news stories that flush out "polluters, scofflaws and crooks." Sound familiar?

Chicken Soup

Sure it takes a tough man to give the University of Maryland \$2.5 million to set up a new business school. But when the donor, **Frank Perdue**, was named to the school's board of regents earlier this year, outraged animal-rights activists squawked. Students and faculty on the College Park campus are now demanding Perdue's ouster. They say he's unfit for the post, charging that the nation's fourth-largest poultry producer mistreats both his birds and his employees. Perdue dis-

misses the complaints as the rantings of an insignificant minority. Cluck, cluck.



PHILIP CAHON—STIPA

Stellar Deal

Give her a beat—and anything else she wants. With that sentiment, Virgin Records last week wrapped up **Janet Jackson** for \$32 million.



PHILIP CAHON—STIPA

In signing the largest record deal ever, Jackson, 24, left A&M Records, which saw her through four albums. But the *Rhythm Nation* queen's contract was up, and, courted by other labels, she gave in to Virgin chairman Richard Branson. Says he: "A Rembrandt rarely becomes available. When it does, there are many people who are determined to get it. I was determined." Brother Michael won't miss out on the dollar spree. He's expected to re-sign with Sony Music for as much as \$60 million.

SHIRLEY SCOTT/FILMAN



She'll Take It to Go

JULIA PHILLIPS may no longer be welcome at Hollywood's In bistros: her colleagues want to avoid her. But everybody seems to be slurping up her spicy new memoirs, titled *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*. Phillips, 46, a onetime ace producer (*The Sting*, *Taxi Driver*), describes her descent from powerful dealmaking to coke addiction. Along the way, she finds Goldie Hawn "borderline dirty" and calls superstar Michael Oltz the "Valley viper." She also teases Warren Beatty, who, she says, suggested a tryst with her and her then teenage daughter. Phillips' reply: "We're both too old for you."

It's amazing how much scrap metal you get from a few cans of beer.



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